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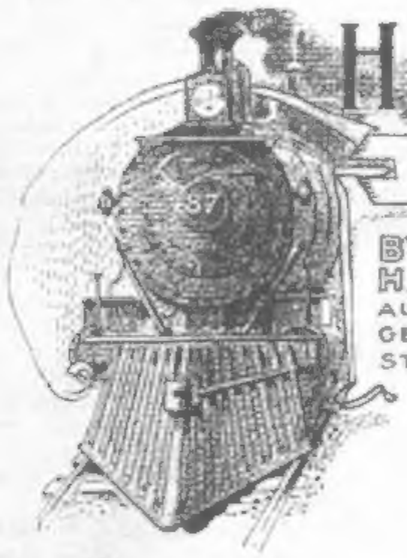
HIS LAST RUN WITH THE LIMITED

The Story of a Faithful Engineer



BY HERBERT E. HAMBLEN
AUTHOR OF THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRANK McKERNAN

BIG, burly, good-natured Jake Woodford, the most popular engineer on the H., W. & H., ran the Limited Express eight years and eleven months. Having worked his way up from wiper to the proud position of engineer of the flyer, he knew the routine thoroughly. His experience enabled him to understand, and his kindly nature caused him to sympathize with, his fellow-employees in the innumerable trials pertaining to all grades of railroad service. A thorough disciplinarian within the limited sphere of his authority, he boasted that he had yet to make his first "report." To that was due his popularity.

Ordinarily a modest man, Jake was proud of his family and his railroad record. Having married late in life, his family was small, consisting of a wife, not half his weight, who led him by the despotic power of pure love and faithful devotion, and two toddlers—Jimmy, aged five, and Sallie, a midget of three. It was with them, in the privacy of his home, at whose threshold the authority of superintendents and master mechanics ceased, that he enjoyed the reward of his long years of corporation servitude. And to them, the big, genial husband and father was the embodiment of all that was grand and good.

His record was absolutely clear—a condition almost unparalleled in railroad annals; for the rules of the service are especially framed to catch the unwary. Hence, to acquire and retain such a record requires constant care and quick wit in emergencies.

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Realizing his unique position, Jake prized it highly. The time schedule was frequently shortened to meet the competition of opposing lines, and, with increasing business, the train became so heavy that to make time with it became a problem. One after another, engineers were appointed to run opposite to Jake, but, with discouraging regularity, they were removed for inability to make the time. Jake alone remained. He made the time; but, during those nine years, a gleam of silver had appeared at his temples, crow's-feet enhanced the kindly twinkle of his honest gray eyes, and, when he raised his cap to mop his perspiring brow, he revealed a shining tonsure, utterly devoid of religious significance.

You are not to understand that during all those years his train had arrived at, and departed from, all stations with chronometric accuracy. That, indeed, would verge on the impossible. Although an engineer aims to be on time "all over the road," he is safe if he delivers his train at the terminus, or to the next division, technically on time. There is a limited amount of time that may be lost without censure—in this instance it was three minutes—and a train arriving within this limit is bulletined "On Time." Even if time is lost along the road, arrival at the terminus within limit squares it. It was in accomplishing this apparently simple feat that Jake Woodford had established a phenomenal record.

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When three minutes were lost on the Limited, the engineer received an order to report to the Superintendent and explain—if he could. The fact was noted on his record, and a second occurrence in one month proved his unfitness for his position. During those nine years Jake had never given an occasion for being called to the office.

It was a perfect June day, the deep, clear blue of the summer sky was accentuated by groups of soft, fleecy, white clouds, which, like flocks of playful lambs, raced gayly along before the brisk westerly wind. There was a bracing coolness in the air, and the scent of pines from the mountains to the westward, whose rugged summits the breeze had kissed before descending into the railroad yard in the valley, to flirt, coquettishly, with the red cotton handkerchief about Jake Woodford's strong neck.

Jake's engine, a big six-wheeler, number eighty-seven, stood at the head of her train, the incarnation of latent power. The gentle, regular puffing of the air-pump exhaust gave her the appearance of enjoying a quiet smoke while waiting. She glistened and shimmered in the sun with a profusion of polished metal—a mute tribute to the fireman's industry. Quietly and patiently she waited for the touch of the master's hand that should send her tearing along through the country at a mile-a-minute gait.

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Jake sat in the cab, his left hand grasping the throttle lever, and his head out of the window, watching the conductor for the signal to go. He had inspected her thoroughly with wrench and hammer, and knew her to be "all there." Not a bolt nor a nut was slack, wedges were accurately adjusted and firmly secured, oil cups feeding correctly, the gauge showed "a hundred and enough," and, in short, she was "all ready." And yet he was uneasy. The recent heavy rains had fouled the water in the tanks along the road, causing it to foam in the boiler—nothing very serious or unusual on a locomotive, but there was no time to bother with foaming boilers on the Limited—no time for anything but to run at the very highest speed obtainable. Both Jake and his partner had reported "Boiler washed" on their last two trips, but, being a week ahead of her regular wash-out day, the round-house foreman had not chosen to disorganize the routine of his work to accommodate a couple of engineers. Jake might have reported him, but that wasn't his way, and besides, he had promised to wash her out next trip, sure.

The last passenger ascended the car steps, the conductor waved a signal to Jake; there was a hissing and spitting from cylinder cocks, and, to the accompaniment of the slowly clanging bell, he pulled out. He left his cylinder cocks open longer than usual,

"HE TOLD HIS FIREMAN TO JUMP"

and tried the water frequently. Before he got clear of the yard, he stood up and kicked the leg from under his seat—something was unsatisfactory beyond a doubt.

But he gave the usual "toot-toot" and wave of the hand to the little group on the piazza of the honeysuckle-clad cottage just outside of town. There was an answering flutter of handkerchiefs, and the wife and babies gazed wistfully for a moment, their faces illumined with a light not due to the June sunshine at the disappearing dust cloud left by the train at the curve.

She commenced working water at the first heavy grade, and he lost a minute. After that the fireman could count the mile-posts by the nervous snapping of Jake's watch-case. By taking water at a certain tank he could go in without stopping for water again, otherwise he would have to make two water stops, but it was there that he got the bad water last trip, and it had caused him worry enough.

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He had learned from the freight runners that the water was about all alike on the road, but he determined, nevertheless, to make the two water stops; it might be a little better in the other tanks. He regained ten seconds of the lost time before reaching the water-plug. Admonishing the fireman to hurry, he jumped down and oiled, finding, to his great relief, all bearings stone cold. In spite of their haste, he left here a minute and a half late, and she behaved so badly that he arrived at the next station two minutes late. He was only half way yet, and the prospect was pretty blue. The next station was a junction from which three engines ran on a branch out to some coal mines. One of them would be there when he arrived. He telegraphed ahead to have her ready for him, his engine being disabled. His conductor and old friend, Phil Howard, as well as every man on the train, knew that Jake's record was in danger at last.

As there was seldom any baggage at W——, and none to put off this trip, Howard told the baggage-master to jump down and uncouple the engine the moment she stopped, saying he would take on any baggage that might be there, in order to save time.

The baggage-master uncoupled the air-hose, but, before he could pull the pin, Howard called to him: "Never mind that now, Jim; come up, here's a funeral to go."

While the train crew were busy loading the casket, the station agent handed Jake a message which read: "No engine here. Have forwarded your message to Lelands."

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Lelands had been the end of the division before modern methods compelled the company to lengthen it out to two hundred miles. There was a big round-house there, and plenty of engines. The deferential care with which a casket must be handled caused them to leave W—— three full minutes late—the limit. Neither Jake nor Howard knew that the baggage-master had uncoupled the air-hose, and in the bustle at the station that worthy had failed to observe that no change of engines had been made. So Jake pulled out with no brakes on the train, and determined to lose no more time if it was humanly possible to avoid it.

The round-house foreman at Lelands received an order to have an engine ready to take train nineteen on its arrival. She was due in twenty-five minutes, and, wondering what could have happened to "Old Reliable," as Jake was popularly called, he got his whole force on the jump. Within five minutes of nineteen's arriving time he had an engine, coaled, watered, and with her safety-valve simmering at a hundred and forty pounds to the square inch, standing on the main track in charge of a hostler, just beyond the station. It was a mighty good job, well and quickly done.

Jake would cut the "87" off, run up behind the extra engine, and back in on the siding. The hostler would back down alongside, Jake and his fireman would move their clothes and dinner-pails to her, and back onto the train. The whole manœuvre could be done while the passengers and baggage were getting off and on, without losing any time.

After leaving W——, the "87" behaved a little better; she had thrown out much of the offending matter, and would stand pushing a bit; but at her best she had never made up quite a minute between there and Lelands—and she was far from being at her best now.

Jake took advantage of every little sag in the grade, and worked all the fine points he knew to swing her along. She would gain a few seconds here, and drop them again there; it was a close, hard fight—one that many men would have given up in disgust, but he stayed right with her to the end.

When he reached the summit of the hill from which he could look down into Lelands, a mile away, he knew he would arrive there only two minutes and a half late—technically on time. He knew to an inch how far he could use steam, and it was with a sigh of relief that he shut her off and dropped the lever down. He blew for the station, glanced curiously at the air-brake gauge—which showed the proper pressure—and leaned wearily out the window with his hand on the brake-valve.

He almost wished now that he hadn't called for another engine. He had over thirty miles of good running ground from Lelands; he was on time already, and he might have avoided that little break. But it was as well to be on the safe side.

As the train rolled rapidly down the grade, he applied the brake—gently, to slow it up. He felt at once that it had no hold. He glanced in alarm at the gauge, and turned the valve all the way around. The truth flashed over him with a paralyzing chill. He had no brake!

He set his teeth grimly, and the gray eyes flashed with determination as he swung his great weight on the reverse lever and horsed her over into the back motion. There was a great big chance that his time had come. As he reached for the whistle-cord to blow a call for brakes—more for the information of the man on the engine ahead than from any faith in the hand brakes—he told his fireman to jump.

That single sharp blast of the whistle sent a chill to the heart of every railroad man who heard it. Jake was coming in at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and no brake!

The baggage-master's heart sank with an awful, guilty fear. "Was he to blame?"

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The hostler leaped from the extra engine and ran half way across the yard. The telegraph operator showed a blanched face at his window, and tried to think whether he had made a mistake. The round-house foreman, who was watching for the arrival of nineteen, ejaculated in a tone of suppressed horror: "My God Almighty!"

The brakemen feared to venture out on the car platforms to set the brakes. Phil Howard, the veteran railroader, understood his friend's wild appeal for help. Regardless of probable consequences, he jumped to a brake-wheel. But the onward rush of ten heavy Pullmans is not to be checked by a single hand-brake.

With a crash and a roar, "87" ran her nose under the other engine's tender; she threw it—a crumpled and battered can in appearance—clear over its own boiler. The spare engine shot ahead, but again "87," her drivers sliding, was driven into her like a ram. This time Jake's engine had her forward truck derailed, and, as she ploughed into the ties, the force from behind slued her around, and turned her over on top of him.

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The radiant light has gone from the eyes of the widow and her orphans; but it is one of the valued traditions of the road to this day that Jake Woodford was the only man who never lost time with the Limited.

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Why Smith's Horse Didn't Stand the Test

JOHN SMITH, horse-breaker, rode into the village on a mettlesome colt, which he had just broken to the saddle, says a writer in Judy. Half way down the street he espied a friend on the walk, and rode up for a moment's chat. The friend observed:

"I don't half like his eye; shows too much white; sure to be restive; he's a kind it's hard to break; look out for him, John."

But John retorted carelessly:

"Pooh! He's all right. I'm not afraid of him. I've broken *him* thoroughly."

"Maybe, maybe," assented the friend provokingly; "but watch out, man, watch out. A sudden noise, and then——"

"I'll bet you can't scare him," Smith asserted. "See here, I'll show you how to manage him. You get behind those steps. I'll go up the street, and then turn and gallop down. When I get opposite you, jump out and shout 'Boo!' and wave your arms. Then we'll see."

The friend consented to make the interesting experiment, and retired behind the steps. Smith forthwith went at a trot to the head of the street, there turned, and charged down at full speed. When the horse and rider were nearly opposite the steps, the friend leaped forth. He sprang before the colt, swung his arms wildly, and shouted with all his power.

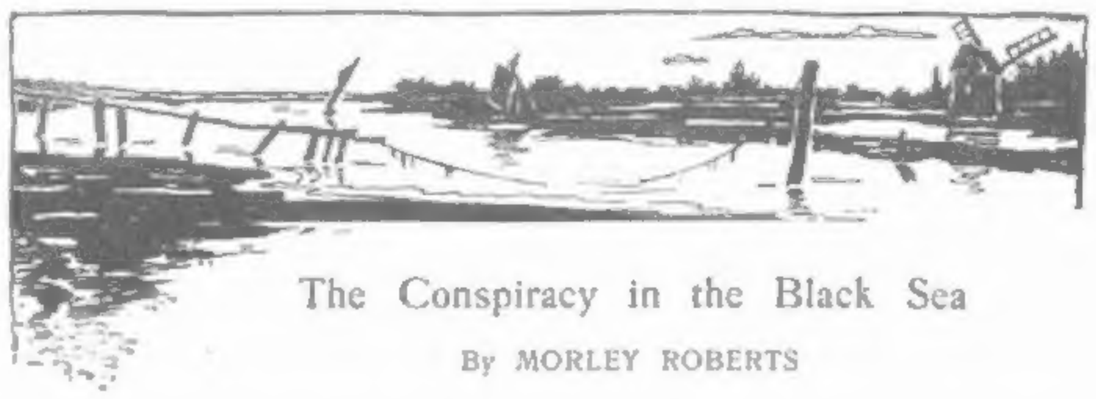
The result was sudden and sufficient. The horse performed amazing acrobatic feats, so swift the eye could not follow them; the rider went hurling through the air. The street was full of dust as a riderless horse vanished round the corner.

From a pile of stones near the steps a figure crawled slowly, and then with difficulty stood upright. This was Smith, his face and hands dusty and bleeding, his clothes torn and soiled. The friend approached to offer aid and sympathy, but the horse-breaker waited for neither. He feebly shook his fist in the friend's face, while he declared in a voice of consuming wrath, "Oh, you fool, you yelled too loud!"

HERBERT E. HAMBLEN

whose two remarkable books, On Many Seas, and The General Manager's Story, have made his name well known, is an engineer in the employ of the city of New York. He comes of a good New England family, and was born in Lowell, forty-eight years ago. Before he began his adventurous life as sailor and engineer he received a good education, which he has supplemented and rounded out by extensive reading. His first book appeared under the pseudonym of Frederick Benton Williams, but the author's identity was disclosed soon after the volume appeared, and he has since then used his own name.

THE GOLD MINE OF KERTCH BAR



The Conspiracy in the Black Sea

By MORLEY ROBERTS

TWO men sitting on a wooden seat and staring out over the Humber. Their point of vantage is one well known at Hull, for there is a flagstaff there and many seats, and one can spy the whole river and New Holland at the other side, and the vessels and tugs going up and down on the swift tide betwixt the Spurn and Goole.

Suddenly one of the men pointed with his finger at a vessel hanging in the stream.

"You see that bark, Bill?" he said.

"Well, and what of her, Ben?"

"She's owned by a widow woman," said Ben earnestly, "wot never had no luck, not with her husband nor nothing. I knowed her out there, and she's always in black, and comes abroad, and it's agin the rights of things for her to do that same, and give the crew such a black send-off."

At this sign of weakness Bill snorted.

"You're as full of superstition, Ben, as a cat. You believe in Lapland witches, and in Finns, and in Flying Dutchmen, and in every foolishness as ever got sailormen laughed at ashore."

"And why not—why not?" asked Ben gloomily. "I tell you I've seed the Flying Dutchman; and as to Finns, in my last ship, her as I skinned out of here, there was a Finn, and if he was sulky the wind was foul, and if he was pleased it was fair."

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Bill, who was a cockney, cured in New York, gave a snort, and pulled a plug of black cavendish out of the breast-pocket of his monkey-jacket.

"Mebbe he wanted to get there, matey," he said. "Now, suppose I kind of offered you this yer plug; you'd smile, wouldn't you? And then, if I said, 'No, you don't!' and planted it again in my pocket, you'd look mighty sick, wouldn't you?"

Ben turned and stared at him.

"What are you getting at, with all this foolishness about terbacker? What's that to do with Finns?"

"Why, this," said his mate. "What I'm saying, and if you'll just dry up and listen, you'll see, is this: That it wouldn't be your bloomin' smile or your sick looks as'd make me give it or not give it, but my giving it or not giving it as would make you look sick or not. Don't you see it?"

Ben shook his head at this laborious logic.

"Well, and what has all this rigmarole to do with Finns and wind?" he asked.

"Can't you see as how the Finn might, just as well as any hother man, look black with a contrary breeze, and pleased when it was fair?" Bill retorted.

But Ben shook his head again.

"It ain't no argument," he said, "for as I told you, when he turned sulky the wind changed. I could bring you ten men, not to speak of a cook, as would take their oath to it in any court of law. And I wasn't guffing about Finns or any other kind of Dutchmen, nor of Dagos, but of a widder woman in black coming to see a ship out of dock."

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Bill looked rather mollified as Ben did not insist on the Finns.

"Well, I'm with you there," he said; "but then, women is bad luck anyway, black or white. I was yarnin' with a 'bus conductor the other day, and he says, 'What's coming to the women I don't know. They won't put their 'and to a thing the same as their mothers, and some thinks they can drive a 'bus.' That's what he said, and it stands to reason a 'bus conductor should know a lot about women. And this one is mighty popular, too."

Ben nodded.

"Women's all very well ashore, in their place," he said earnestly. "But even there what call have they to own ships? Does it seem natural for a woman to own ships? No, it doesn't, of course. Let a woman be the wife of a Captain if she likes——"

"I knowed a Captain's wife what did for him proper," said Bill. "He sailed before the mast afterwards, and many's the time I've heard him spin us a yarn about it."

"And what was the yarn?" Ben asked, as his eyes followed the bark, which had started the talk, round the point below the town.

"Well," said Bill, "he was skipper of a cargo-boat wot sailed to the Baltic, and he owned up to him and the mates getting a good deal of stealage, one way or another. But the chief thing he and others hung on to for getting more than his pay, was what he called the gold mine of Kertch Bar——"

Ben shook his head.

"That won't do," he said, "for I know better than that. Kertch ain't in the Baltic Sea at all."

"Where is it, then?" asked Bill defiantly.

"It's in the Black Sea or somewhere thereabouts," answered Ben vaguely.

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"Black Sea or Baltic is all the same to me," said Bill, "as I've never sailed in neither, and never will, if I knows it. But I'm telling you. He called it the Kertch Bar Gold Mine, and 'ow they did 'ave the owners was just a treat. For you see it was just this way. If I don't know Kertch, why, I may be wrong in small particulars; but the chief thing about it is its bar. And the way that bar shifted was a fair miracle.

"Trainer, that was his name, the name of this 'ere skipper. He said that, accordin' to what the owners thought of it, the bar walked from this side or that, and just plumped itself down in the fairway. And the pore harbor people, they was worked to death, so they said, with survayin' 'ere and survayin' there and shifting buoys. But it was no manner o' use, and out of three vessels as came in one was sure to get stuck, and then it was telegraphin' 'ome to say as she'd took the ground and must be lightened. And out comes lighters, and they works, and then tugs, and they pulls, and presently they 'eaves 'er off and fills her up again.

"Sometimes a skipper would be that unlucky as to get stuck twice running, and the owner's picks out the vessels with the least draught. But that was no manner o' use, for as Trainer said, and laughed when 'e said it, the bar was that treacherous as to rise up in the night and shove a two-by-four scantling high and dry. And, as you may guess, this 'ere Kertch Bar got a bad name; and if it hadn't been that they 'ad to go, the howners would have seen Kertch further first. And some did, but the rest stuck there just the same as they always did."

"And Trainer told us one night how ten skippers was ashore drinking, 'e with 'em, and they got to talkin'.

"'I darsn't do it this trip,' says one.

"'I dare if you dare,' says another.

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"'Seven times I done it,' says one. And a pilot wot talked good English he said the one as 'd done it most was the skipper of a Swansea boat, who'd been on nineteen times.

"'And good biz, too,' yells out another. 'I know him. A good careful hofficer, so his owners say, but a bit unlucky at Kertch.'

"And that night afore they'd done they was ready for hanything. Next morning there was nine vessels 'ard and fast in the sand, and the telegraphs was working, and nine lots of howners was cussin' their luck, and the shippin' papers had lots to say about the wicked kind of handchorage there was at Kertch. And all the time it was the coolest kind of put-up job as you ever see.

"And that was the time as Trainer got left. And I'll tell you how it was. He had to take the money for that time and the time before, and he shoves it into a henvelope and sends it to his wife. It was full heighty pounds; if I don't disremember, it was heighty-two pound ten; and 'e didn't care about keeping it by 'im. And fat and jolly and laughin' he gets on board and goes off with his height-knot iron box 'ome. But when he reached Hull—yes, this yer very port—he looks very sick. This was how it happened.

"Trainer's wife was a thin, worrying woman, and that narvous with his carryins on, and the wind blowin'—for all women, as you know, thinks it blows 'ard all the world hover at the same time—that she couldn't stand so much money in the 'ouse at once.

"She thought as burglars from all parts of the country would smell it and come down 'er little back street and crawl in and get it out of her mattress. So she takes it out o' there and sews it in her dress, and then she thinks she'll fall down in a fit and be robbed at a 'ospital, or that a fire would break out special and burn up the neighborhood. And

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Gold Mine of Kertch Bar, is taken from Strong Men and True, a collection of clever short stories, by Morley Roberts. Published by Downey & Co., London.

at last, with sitting up awake all night watching her gown 'anging behind 'er locked door, she got that scared that she ups and hoffs down to the howner's office; and, going right up to the very 'ead boss, whom she runs agin in the alleyway, she allows as 'ow she's no bother than Mrs. Trainer.

"'And what do you want, Mrs. Trainer?' says 'e, perlite enough.

"Then she let's him 'ave it, and binformation fair runs out of 'er. She tells him about the money as Trainer 'ad sent, and she asked him to keep it for her.

"'Where did it come from?' says the howner.

"'From Kertch, sir—at least, I think so, but it's in the letter.'

"She 'ands it over just as she picked it out of her gown.

"'And 'ow much?' says he, laughing, thinking, I guess, that a ten-pound note wouldn't make him nervous.

"'Heighty pound hodd,' says she. And never till harfterward did she remember 'ow 'e jumped, and 'ow 'ard 'e looked at 'er.

"'Heighty pound! Why, that's a lot of money,' says he. And then saying, 'Excuse me just one moment,' 'e goes out.

"He come back agin in five minutes, laughin', but still serious.

"'We'll take care of it for you, Mrs. Trainer,' says he, 'but I should 'ave thought as 'ow you'd have been used to gettin' money from your 'usband by this.'

"That was 'is trap, and the silly woman goes right into it like a sheep. And never knowed what she'd done till afterwards.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' she says smiling, 'but not so much as this.'

"'Then how much does he usually send from Kertch?' asks he, laughing again.

"'Oh, never much more than fifteen or twenty,' says she. 'And that's enough to make a lone woman nervous of losing it.'

"'Yes,' said 'e, showing his teeth; 'it's not nice bein' robbed. But we'll see no one but the owner gets this,' says 'e. And then she goes out, thanking 'im profuse, and tells all 'er neighbors wot a nice, kind man 'e is.

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"But I guess 'e 'ad gone out and 'ad a talk with another nice, kind man. And they just went on to find hunt 'ow it was that Trainer got so much money over his pay. For they knew that private trade wasn't nothing out there, and they didn't reckon Trainer had been speckylatin' in Kertch town lots er business blocks.

"And Trainer, who was comin' 'ome, 'uggin 'imself about that lump of stealage, never thought so much as once of what a fool 'e 'ad been to send it to her, just sayin', 'Keep it till I get back.' Many a time I've 'eard 'im say he could go out and bang 'is 'ead on the steam-winch or a bollard to think that six words more in his letter would have done it, and 'e'd still 'ave been gettin' gold out of Kertch. But them words was never wrote, and when he gets into Hull River, afore he docks the howner 'imself comes on board, an' steps right up to 'im.

"'Bad luck again this time, Captain?' says 'e, cheerful like.

"And Trainer touches 'is 'at.

"'Yes, sir; we was very hunfortunate again so far; but we got off without no damage, not a strain,' says he. 'And it's I that would be glad never to see Kertch again.'

"Going into the cabin, they sits down.

"'And is it so very bad?' asks the howner, innocent. 'And what is the reason of the bar shiftin' so?'

"'Hask me another, sir,' says Trainer, 'if you'll excuse me saying so, sir. But going in and out of Kertch it's guess work to the best of pilots. And what them pilots don't know ain't worth knowin'.'

"With that he winks to himself, and as he told us, 'e felt that clever 'e could 'ave split with laughin'.

"'It's a bad trade,' says the howner, kind of sighin'.

"'It is that,' says Trainer. And seeing the man so soft and sweet, it just catches 'old of him that 'e might get a rise of a couple of pounds a month in his salary.

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"'It is that,' says he, sighin' too, 'a bloomin' nasty trade, sir. And very trying is the Black Sea at times. It's not like the Mediterranean, where a man can live cheap and well.'

"'Why no,' says 'e, careless. 'Then you don't find it a savin' trade any more than us?'

"'Savin'!' says Trainer, kind of sorrowful. 'It takes all a man's pay to find 'im in clothes. I ain't saved two-pound-ten in a year.'

"And with that the bloomin' howner, a big, tall man, said Trainer, just rises off his seat and stares Trainer in the face like a judge pronouncin' sentence.

"'Then, Mr. Trainer,' says 'e, in a voice like a lower topsail goin' out of the bolt-ropes, 'Ow did you manage to make that hextra heighty pounds as you sent to your wife a few weeks back?' says he.

"And with that Trainer says the life was clean knocked out of 'im, and he felt like a hempty sack with nothing in it. He just sat down, an' stared at the howner dumfoundled.

"'What do you mean, sir?' says he.

"But the howner walked round to him.

"'I means that money you sent 'ome from Kertch,' says he; 'and afore you go ashore I means to 'ave the truth out of you.'

"He pulls Trainer's own letter out of 'is pocket, which the wife had give 'im when she left the posh, and spread it out before him.

"'Hexplain!' says he, very stern.

"And at that Trainer give right in, though afterwards he grinds 'is teeth at not thinkin' of a good tale. He could 'ave said it was a legacy from a dead haunt or huncle, or 'ave pitched somethin' to the man to shut 'im up.

"But 'e couldn't think. 'E looks up helpless at the howner standing there grinning.

"'The truth or the polis,' said 'e.

"'Ow did you get it?' asks Trainer, still with that stern voice. And 'e told him.

"'But the question is 'ow did you get it?' says the howner.

"'It was give me,' says Trainer, by this time pluckin' up his courage some.

"'Who give it you?' says the howner.

"'The lighterage folks at Kertch,' says 'e kind of silly.

"'O-ho!' says the howner, and 'e sits down by Trainer. 'Now, Mr. Trainer,' says 'e, more kind, 'there may be nothin' in this, and I may be mistook; but if you don't make a clean breast of it all, I'll give you in charge; for that there's somethin' in this that I ought to know, that I'm sure, and know I will—yes, if I 'ave to go to Kertch and work it up myself.'

"'Do you mean it?' says Trainer foolish-like, and with that he give way and let it hout.

"'But first,' says 'e, 'you won't prosecute? Because if you're goin' to do that I'll say nothing, not a bloomin' word.'

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"And the howner says, 'No, I'll not prosecute if you'll tell the Bible truth.'

"'Well,' says 'e, and 'e says when 'e began 'e could 'ardly 'elp laughin', 'in the first place, there ain't nothin' wrong with Kertch Bar.'

"'What do you mean?' says the howner.

"'I means just what I says,' answers Trainer, stubborn, 'there ain't nothin' wrong with the bar. As a bar it's all right, and no worse than lots of other bars, and better a deal than some. It's a good, steady bar——'

"'And don't shift?' asks the owner.

"'Not more than in reason,' says Trainer, 'and according to a gale or the time of year just like any hother bar.'

"'Then why did you get on it?' says the howner.

"'It was the pilots,' says Trainer, 'and the 'arbor folks, and hus. It was a pot-up job, that's what it was. And what we paid the tugs and the lighters and the pilots they give us commission on it. And that's the Gospel truth, sir.'

"'Well, I'm 'anged!' says 'e, 'and for years we've bin payin' for double lighterage and for hextra towage and all sort of things. Who started this 'ere racket?'

"'It was started afore my time,' says Trainer, rather sulky again. 'When I got there it was in full swing. And if you give me away as 'aving told you, my life's not worth as much as a loose bit of brasswork in a Danube port. That's what it ain't. For they calls it the Kertch Bar Gold Mine.'

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"'I'll not give you away,' says the howner stern enough; 'but I reckon you don't sail no more vessels in which I 'ave any hinterest.'

"And though Trainer felt sick at that, 'e knew 'e ought to be jailed for conspiracy, as the hother told 'im. And that was the end of that racket. I guess Trainer took it out of 'is wife, for 'e owned that she went to live with 'er mother for a month when he got 'ome.

"But 'e got no more vessels to command, for when it came out 'ow the Kertch Bar business 'ad been worked, the men that was discharged gave Trainer the worst kind of a name. And graduat he came down again to sail before the mast. But I'm only tellin' you what a woman did for 'im."

"It warn't her fault," said Ben; "not hers at all. It was him that was to blame. What kind of a man is it who don't know better than to give a woman money to keep."

"Well, I can't keep none myself," owned Bill; "or else I wouldn't be looking for a ship. If I could find a woman wot would keep it snug and make it last longer—well, I think I'd take 'er on."

"Not you," said Ben. "A sailorman ain't got no more business to be married till he swallows the anchor than a woman has to own a ship. And as for that bark that's just gone out, you mark me, she'll be lost."

"All along of the widder in black?" asked Bill.

"All along of her," replied Ben stubbornly. "An' you mark my words."

And then they turned and went uptown.

HOW LOVE CAME TO PROFESSOR MOORE

By E. RENTOUL ESLER

"PROFESSOR MOORE is Old Moore," I said, making the remark more to myself than my auditor. There are heights of astonishment, as of pleasure or pain, on which words fail us, and we return to the simple propositions of primitive man.

"Is he, indeed?" Kitty answered sedately, continuing to button her long gloves preparatory to a saunter with me.

"He is scarcely changed at all; he has the same red head, the same uncertain gait, the same cordial way of addressing one, and the same blushes. He's the same Old Moore."

"I don't know what you are talking about," Kitty said, looking at me with the frank disdain she had manifested now and then since that luckless summer day when I told her I loved her.

I had always read and heard that girls were touched by the offer of a heart, and grateful even where they declined it. But Kitty was frankly indignant, and there was no pretense in it. She called me an absurd person, said she needed me in the capacity of a cousin and not at all in the capacity of a lover, and if I were going to spoil our intercourse by such horrid suggestions there was an end of everything. When I admitted ruefully after a time that I had not been, perhaps, altogether in earnest, she said she knew that, patted me on the shoulder, agreed that we might be friends again, and brightened up like an April day. But our subsequent relations were not as pleasant as before. I admired Kitty's judgment less than I had done, while, curiously enough, she seemed to doubt mine also, but for the very opposite reason.

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"Old Moore, who is to lecture to-night, was at school with me at Saint Oswyth's. The masters thought him a dunce, the boys thought him a fool; among us he had not a very good time," I explained. "Now the press and the public say he is one of the greatest living naturalists, and our society is paying twenty-five guineas to hear what he has to say to-night."

"I have no doubt you behaved like brutes to him and now he is ahead of the whole of you," Kitty said, with her chin in the air.

"When I met him, and he told me that he was Professor Moore, he could have knocked me down with a feather."

"And so have paid off old scores," Kitty interjected pertly.

"No; I never struck Old Moore. I was not mean enough for that. He said to-day he has nothing but pleasant memories connected with Saint Oswyth's, though, looking back on it, I think we treated him badly."

"You may tell me about it," Kitty said condescendingly as we descended from her home and walked along the street.

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"He was called 'Old' Moore because there was a junior of the same name in the school, no relative, and quite a different class of fellow. Old Moore was my age, and should have been in my form, but somehow he was always behind with his work, though he often labored like a slave. But what he knew he could not tell, unexpected questions bewildered him, and often, when he was supposed to be listening and taking notes, he was really working out problems of his own, and drawing all kinds of freakish, outlandish things in his note-books.

"As you may suppose, he was caned more than enough, and when, after the canings—not at the time—he would have dreadful fits of crying, and he such a big fellow, we got into the way of thinking him a Miss Nancy. The little world of school is just like the big world, Kitty; set a misapprehension afoot and ten men on horseback could not arrest it."

"I prefer you to narrate without philosophizing," Kitty said.

"Live things were his hobby, and it took all his pocket-money to bribe the housemaids not to tell what he kept in his bedroom. But at times the smells led to an investigation, the head-master would overhaul the apartment in person, Old Moore would be caned again, the housemaid reprimanded, and all the pets would be thrown over the playground wall or restored to their natural habitat. For a week Old Moore would go about like a distressed ghost, then he would begin to brighten again; probably he was taming a little gray mouse or investigating the family secrets of a beetle or some uncommon bug or insect with his pocket microscope.

"There never was a gentler or more harmless creature, and that makes it look rather dastardly when I recall what a butt we made of him. I remember the day we sent him up the big elm tree in the playground. Some one had thrown up a tuft of grass, which had caught in the fork of a thin branch, and as Old Moore was rather near-sighted we persuaded him that it was the nest of a golden-crested wren, and he went up to investigate. But the bough broke, and he fell some twenty feet.

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"Dear Kitty, that was a dreadful moment for many of us. He struck the earth with a thud like a bundle of wet linen, and then lay absolutely still, his long arms and legs perfectly inert, and only his white eyeballs showing in his upturned eyes. By-and-by one hand began to twitch, and after a little he moved and sat up, whereat our relief was so great that several of us burst into a roar of nervous laughter. But Old Moore was so badly used up that he had to keep his room for a fortnight, and it was in connection with that the chief incident of my story of Saint Oswyth's took place.

"There was some talk of having a present ready for Old Moore when he was able to be about again, as a kind of tacit apology for what had befallen him; so it was quite on the line of our sentiments when Dixon, major, said he would take him some pastry out of his home-box. Now, eating was never a weakness of Moore's, but it was of Dixon's, so we thought his proposal generous.

"There are some things too mean to think about; when Dixon came down sniggering to say he had filled one of his mince pies with a powerful drug, and had left Old Moore eating it, I think several of us felt like madmen. I don't often strike fellows, but I knocked Dixon down, and then flew upstairs for my life. The blackguardly pie was on the table at Old Moore's elbow; not caring for sweets, he had put it down when Dixon left the room. I snatched it up and threw it out of the window, and when I told Moore what had happened, there he was blubbering again, where another fellow would have been wild.

"Now, as good or ill luck would have it, the master's pug was passing as the pie flew into the playground, and the luckless brute ate it, and died next day in great agony. Of course, that brought the whole murder out, and Dixon was expelled. When Old Moore heard of the fracas, he came down to the master's room, with his dressing-gown flapping about his thin legs, and begged his hardest that Dixon should be forgiven, but the headmaster was inexorable. You see, the pug was a pedigree dog, and that did not lead to the melting mood, so he solemnly expelled Dixon in the presence of the whole school for what he called the most cowardly outrage he had ever heard of.

"Everybody was silent and wretched, and when the cab drove off with Dixon and his boxes, Old Moore fainted as limp as a herring, and then he had a relapse and an attack of something like low fever, just as if it had been his fault."

"And what became of Dixon?" Kitty asked in a low voice. She had taken my arm when I narrated the pie incident, and there was something almost affectionate in her face as she looked up at me.

"I have a kind of idea he went to the dogs."

"And Professor Moore is 'Old' Moore," Kitty said softly, quoting the very words I had unconsciously used only a little earlier.

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It was just lecture time now, and as we passed up the aisle of the lecture hall, Old Moore stepped, amid applause, on to the platform. While I had been speaking of him I had grown enthusiastic, and therefore his appearance, familiar as it was, gave me something of a shock. There was a blackboard for demonstration drawn up behind him, and as he stood in front of it, bowing his acknowledgments, I felt the old impatience with him for looking such a fool.

His subject that evening was the stickleback, he said, and as he hesitatingly advanced his proposition a slight titter ran through the hall. I glanced at Kitty apologetically, and she looked back at me wrathfully; but whether the wrath was directed against me, Old Moore, or his irreverent auditors, I was quite unable to tell.

Then the lecturer plunged into his subject—the history, habits, looks and emotions of the stickleback—and as he spoke the little fish grew from the colored chalks in his hands on to the blackboard before us; planned, worked, wooed, fought, lived an

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Youth at the Prow, a collection of stories by E. Rentoul Esler. Published by John Long, London.

intelligent creature beneath our eyes, while the lecturer's figure grew erect, his blue eyes under their light lashes flashed like sapphires, and a steady color, as delicate as a girl's, burned in his face.

Kitty leaned toward me. "He is beautiful," she said.

We spent half an hour with the stickleback, and then the lecturer moved on to other marine creatures, and broke down the barrier between them and us, and showed us how all created things are bound together by the chains of emotion as well as of life. Every one seemed to sigh involuntarily as Old Moore ended; it was as though he had kept us dreaming, and we awoke and came back to common things with a start.

"You are to introduce him to me," Kitty said imperiously as we rose.

So we waited till the audience had drifted away, and then I presented Old Moore. But the glow had died out of him; he was shy and embarrassed, and accepted Kitty's compliments awkwardly.

He had engaged a room at the hotel, but we persuaded him to sup with us at Kitty's father's, that we might hear all his adventures since we parted.

His adventures were quite simple, he said, and all his success was due to his hobby. It taught him everything—taught him Latin, because all scientific names were in Latin; and Latin made other languages easy, and no doubt that was why he took a fairly good degree. Then he went South, and saw a little life at the equator.

"Crocodiles?" I suggested; and Old Moore answered gravely that there was a great deal of humanity in a crocodile when you made its intimate acquaintance.

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On his return to England, he published two books. Such simple books, Old Moore said, in mild astonishment; but they took, and when he applied for the vacant chair of science at —— University he got it. There were far better men among the candidates, Old Moore assured us; whereat Kitty and I looked at each other and smiled.

I was to see him off by train next morning, but half an hour before train time a waiter from the hotel delivered me a note. Old Moore had caught a very bad cold, and would defer his journey till the afternoon. But it proved to be worse than a cold on investigation. The Professor had been knocking about here and there and everywhere, lecturing wherever asked, sleeping in damp beds, never thinking of precautions, and now he was downrightly ill.

"Is there any one you would like to have with you?" I asked, when this fact had been borne in on us both; and Old Moore looked at me with a certain piteousness.

"I have not one soul belonging to me in the wide world," he said; "not one person to be sorry if I die, or glad if I recover. I never had any one since I remember but a guardian, and he died five years ago."

When I told Kitty this, she sent her mother down to ask the doctor if it were possible to remove Mr. Moore, and the doctor said "Yes, with care." So Old Moore was taken in an invalid carriage to Uncle George's—and we thought the journey had killed him. He was delirious that night, and for a week he raved about nothing but Saint Oswyth's, and the memories, as he recalled them, stabbed me to the heart. "I have tried, sir, indeed I have tried; must I be flogged for the misfortune of being stupid?" he would say; whereat Aunt Agnes went off into a corner and wept softly and copiously.

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It was the most tedious convalescence any of us ever knew, and only for the fear of giving more trouble I doubt if he would have got better at all.

"I am half in love with death," he said once, and that seemed to explain everything.

"That is because you are out of its clutches," Aunt Agnes rejoined smiling.

"No, not altogether. When I believed I was dying I felt nothing but a supreme curiosity, and a great regret that I should not be able to convey to any of you my first impressions of the new existence."

Aunt Agnes smiled uncomfortably. "I've never known any one like you," she said.

Old Moore's face clouded over. "I have not had much chance of being like other people," he said. "Do you know that, until I came here, I never in my whole life formed part of any household? I was farmed out till I was old enough to go to school. From school I went to an old bachelor guardian for the holidays, when I was left to my own devices. From the university I wandered about, a detached unit, till I got my Chair, and became a fixture among other units."

"You must marry and form a little circle of your own," Aunt Agnes said placidly, whereat Old Moore flushed up quickly, shook his red head and sighed.

But he got better in spite of himself, and left us, and for months there came presents from him for Aunt Agnes, presents that had a curious pathos about them. It was as if he was striving to discover what gift would most please a lady. First there was a shawl-pin, then a bearskin rug for the hall, then a case of rare butterflies, then a set of remarque etchings, lastly his own books in white vellum. "The dear young man!" Aunt Agnes would say with emotion, and would write and tell him his gift was the very thing she had been desiring in vain for years.

It was rather a sad and sentimental time with us after he left, and as the winter came round I ventured to renew my suit to Kitty, who this time did not look as if she wanted to box my ears. On the contrary she said all the orthodox things, and said them very gently. She was grateful to me, but what I desired could never, never be. She was sorry I cared for her, and yet not altogether sorry either, since even an unrequited affection had some happiness in it, provided it was a true affection. I should always be her friend, always, but nothing more; marriage was not to be considered for her; she had said farewell to all thought of it.

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Kitty's former "No" had made me angry; this one made me feel broken-hearted. It was as if there were two Kittys, or rather as if the old, saucy, naughty Kitty had lent her likeness to a grave woman with a tender heart. What had made the difference? Suddenly the answer flashed out, as if written in fire on the wall—Old Moore!

If Kitty had loved any one else it would have hurt me horribly, but Old Moore was like nobody else; one could no more be jealous of him than of a spirit or a cloud. I smiled in a miserable kind of a way as I found myself thinking, with dull heart-beats, of Kitty as Old Moore's wife. A professor, a dull, rusty old bookworm, but only thirty-two, after all. And then the terrible paths of his own words came back to me, "In all my life I have never been loved by any one; I have never been necessary to any one."

Of course Old Moore loved Kitty, that was quite clear when I came to think of it; that he would never venture to say so if left to himself was equally clear. I could bring them together if I liked.

But a man does not hasten to immolate himself that two other people may be happy. I took four weeks to nerve myself for a visit to Old Moore, and then I dropped into his chambers one day when the rooks were cawing their welcome to the spring, and the light, fleecy clouds were high up and far away in the pale sky.

The Professor was out, the servant said, but he would probably be back soon, if I could wait a while.

It was a pretty, cozy apartment into which I was shown, obviously a bachelor's room, yet not devoid of taste, richly colored and orderly. Two rooms opened off it, one his dining-room and museum. I wandered about aimlessly, looking at the dead things in glazed cases that opened and shut like drawers, till suddenly from one there flashed up at me the winsome face of Cousin Kitty. It was Old Moore's own work—a pastel head from memory. I closed the drawer guiltily and sat down before the fire.

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By-and-by he came in—Old Moore, who never could grow old, who would always have a boy's slim figure and the bright tints of a girl; who would always blush with pleasure, and blush with embarrassment, and become transfigured with happiness in the society of those he cared for.

In time the talk drifted to the past summer, to Aunt Agnes, to Uncle George, to Kitty last of all, and then it struck me that the time for speech had come.

"I have loved Kitty for twenty years," I said, looking at him intently.

"Old Moore grew of a blue-white color, then he drew a long, slow breath, and said in a low voice, "You deserve her, if any man could ever do so."

"She has refused me twice, and at long intervals; she never cared for me."

"That is because she does not know you well enough," he said, with the patient gentleness of a woman.

"I believe she loves some one else."

He gave a slight shiver.

"Would you mind trying to find that out for me?" I asked.

He rose and went to the window, and stood a long time looking out, and then he said, without turning, "Could you not find out for yourself?"

"I don't want to renew the subject if there is no hope for me."

"Would she not think it an intrusion on my part if I were to do so?"

"Not at all. They all think so highly of you, and then you have known me so long."

It did not strike him that Cousin Kitty had known me considerably longer.

"Very well." He came back slowly, and he did not look at me as he spoke. "You were always such a friend of mine that I ought to serve you if I can." At that moment I loved him; had I not loved him I never could have persisted in my plan.

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Three nights afterward I was at Uncle George's, and Kitty was singing to me in the drawing-room, while her parents dozed contentedly over the dining-room fire, and I sat in the shadow of the window curtain, thinking. Suddenly the door opened, and Professor Moore was announced. Kitty rose, a tall, slim figure in her white draperies. The room was illuminated by the firelight only, and in the warm glow she looked wondrously fair. Old Moore came forward and took her hand without speaking; in the silence I seemed to hear their hearts beat.

"It seems so long since you went away," Kitty faltered. "Are you quite well now?"

"Yes, I am quite well, thank you."

"It is very good of you to come back here to see us after all this time."

He gave a sound which was like a suppressed groan; poor Old Moore!

"I have come on business, to see you alone." He drew away from her, and looked at her appealingly, while her eyes were fixed on him expectantly.

"There is a man who loves you, but he fears—he fears you care for some one else," he said in a low voice.

"No, there is no one else," Kitty answered; and if the songs of angels are sweeter than her voice was then, they will be good to hear.

"He fears he is not worthy of you, but I have said he is worthy, if any one could be."

"Yes, he is worthy," Kitty said, but a curious accent of doubt was creeping into her words.

"Then I may make him happy by telling him that you care for him a little?"

She raised her eyes. "Tell him," she said, and her voice was like a bell, "tell him that his love is such an honor that the thought of it will make all the future glorious; tell him that a woman loves but once in a lifetime as I love him, and some women, alas! never. Tell him," and the tears were running down her proud, uplifted face, "that I loved him before I ever saw him——"

I could not stand it any longer, and I stepped out into the room.

"It is no good, old boy," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder. "You have done gallantly, but I am not at all in Kitty's thoughts, so leave me out of your reckoning, and go it on your own account."

Kitty said I was the meanest of men, and she never would forgive me, but as she kissed me that evening for the first time in her life, I hardly took the remark seriously. As to the Professor, since there is a Moore junior, I suppose he is really Old Moore now.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Thirty-second Chapter

THE next morning Wilmot missed Chester as he went down to the café to breakfast. He could hardly realize that he could feel his friend's absence so keenly. He was in a mood of mind that made him specially susceptible, that made him unconsciously hunger more than ever for sympathy and affection. As he was returning to his room he saw the postman giving Mrs. McGowan a number of letters. Two of them were for him. One was an acceptance from The Decade of a short story, and the editor inclosed a check far exceeding in amount the one he had received from The Columbian. Money had somehow lost its power to make him happy. The other letter was from his father. He opened it as he walked toward Madison Square.

> "*Dear Wilmot:*" the letter said, "Mr. Denison left yesterday for New York. He will stay at the Lester House. Go down and see him as soon as you get this, for I have intrusted a thousand dollars to him for you. I sold the remainder of my cotton factory stock at a good round profit. It had been up as collateral security for money borrowed, but the mill declared a remarkably big dividend last week, and my stock almost doubled in value. This puts me out of debt, and I owe my salvation to you, Wilmot. I don't know how deeply I may have embarrassed you by taking this money, so I make haste to return it."

The letter was filled with news from home, and expressions of love and gratitude, but Wilmot could hardly read the letter through for his satisfaction regarding the money. He would now be able to return Mrs. Sennett's loan, and be out of her debt.

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He did not sit down in the park, as he had at first intended, but set off at a brisk pace down Broadway. Reaching the Lester House about ten o'clock, he was told that Mr. Denison had gone out and would return at noon. Wilmot waited until the great clock at Trinity struck twelve, but still the Dadeville merchant did not come. Waiting was tiresome, and thinking was worse. He wished he could turn off his thinking as one does gas at a burner.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Denison appeared.

"I'm awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," he apologized; "but I got busy making selections in my line up town, and forgot that you might call. Here's that money, young man; it's a wonder I have not been robbed of it. I have been in the thickest of crowds."

Wilmot took the large envelope.

"It was good of you to bring it, Mr. Denison," he said with that bold simplicity that so often characterizes our words when our hearts are full.

Then Mr. Denison insisted on Wilmot going up to his room, and they remained there talking over the news in Dadeville and Mr. Denison's experiences in New York. The darkening shadows warned Wilmot of the lateness of the hour, and he found it was six o'clock. When he reached home it was growing dark.

He found a message from Mrs. Sennett. It ran as follows:

> "Be sure to come to-night; I have a favor to ask."

He went upstairs to dress. He was glad of an excuse to call so early. He wanted to give her the money he had just received. He could hardly restrain a smile when he thought that it was his *fiancée* he was going to see, and he felt the need of an excuse! He felt like a slave paying some money on account for his freedom from slavery.

"I couldn't explain in my message," she said, as she came to greet him, "but I want you for my cavalier this evening."

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked in a tone in which he felt it impossible to infuse warmth or enthusiasm.

"It's not far," she laughed. "It's only downstairs. I want to tell you about it. A Madame Somebody is going to give a swell musicale."

"Madame Angiers?" he said, taking a quick breath. Fate was going to lead him a pretty dance, and this was the first step.

"That's her name; do you know her?" asked Mrs. Sennett in a tone of surprise.

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"I met her once only," he replied. "She is the teacher of my—of a young lady I know from home—Miss Fairchild."

"Do you know her? She seems to be such a nice girl—a perfect——She has 'the voice of an angel and the grace of a Queen,' as I heard a gentleman say to-day. She's carried the house by storm. The Miss Van Taubers have taken a fancy to her, and you know to be a favorite in that quarter is all that is necessary to the social success of a newcomer. They carry the keys of society, as Saint Peter is reputed to hold the keys of Heaven."

He was glad to hear Mrs. Sennett's maid come in from her dressing-room at that moment. He did not want to talk about Muriel; he could not. It seemed desecration. Every sweet memory of Muriel seemed to rise up in protest even at the mere suggestion of expression! To speak of her would be like handling roughly one of those dainty Oriental flowers that grow black under the touch. Placing his hat and gloves on a table, he sat down at an open window and looked out on Fifth Avenue—he looked, but his mind was so full that he saw nothing. He wondered, in a dull, pained way, if Muriel would sing during the evening. Would her thoughts be of him? Would she hunger for him; would she long to be near him—to have him by her side? He would have the keen pleasure of flatly refusing to escort Mrs. Sennett to the affair. He wasn't going to be put on exhibition. Then he remembered the money that he had.

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He took the package of bank bills from his pocket and struck it across his knee. He would lose no time in settling with Mrs. Sennett. To feel that he did not owe her a cent would restore to him a tithe of his lost independence. She came in at that moment rubbing on a pair of long, white gloves. She looked so ghostly in her white silk gown! The necklace of great diamonds on her powdered neck reminded him of a bust of marble decked with gems.

"I have a little matter of business to settle with you, Mrs. Sennett," he remarked. "It is a business, however, that is a pleasure."

"Business! What is it?"

He laid the bank notes on the table. "My relative who was helped by your kindness has sent me the money you were kind enough to loan me. Here it is. I can't tell you how grateful I am for the use of it."

For the first time he saw her show genuine anger. There was no affectation about it.

"I don't want it!" she said, her eyes flashing, her tone indignant.

"I'm sorry," he replied; "neither do I—at present."

The playful tone in which he ended his mild protest of independence seemed to mollify her. But there was a sharp note in her voice when she spoke again.

"You'd make a saint angry," she said. "Just when one is beginning to hope that one

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Woman Who Trusted, was begun in No. 48 of the POST, May 28.

can be a little help to you, you spoil everything with cash settlements. Come, let's go downstairs. I hear the orchestra."

She opened the drawer of a Louis Quinze writing-desk and, dropping the money into it, turned the key.

"I cannot go downstairs with you to-night," he said, rising and taking up his hat.

"Why not?"

"I'm going elsewhere."

"But I really need you!" A troubled look was on the widow's face as she spoke. She sat down heavily on a chair and continued to rub on her gloves. "The truth is, if there was ever a time you should stand by me, it is right now."

"I don't quite understand you, Mrs. Sennett."

"Cards were sent out by Madame Angier to all the ladies in the house except myself. I wasn't going to be insulted in that way. I applied to the landlord, telling him that the concerts in his house had always been free to his guests, and that I should leave the house. He arranged it"—Mrs. Sennett's tone had grown hard—"I have it from a reliable quarter that he gave Madame Angier to understand that if she began sowing discord under his roof he would pack her out, bag and baggage, in twenty-four hours. He only lets her remain because she is a drawing card with her entertainments. At any rate, I received an invitation late this afternoon, and it was in Madame Angier's handwriting. Now, you see, if I go with you it will be a public confirmation of the report that we're engaged, which I understand is being doubted, and I shall have the decided advantage over them all."

Wilmot flushed angrily. He was to be paraded round as a guarantee, a receipt, a voucher—of his folly. Nay, nay, thought he. When he spoke his voice was astonishingly firm and clear.

"I absolutely refuse to go," he said. "I have pledged myself to marry you, and I'm still ready to fulfill my engagement at the proper time, but in the meantime I shall not contract to exhibit myself to gratify any whim of yours."

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Mrs. Sennett glared at him furiously.

"You don't want to go with me? Then, pray, what use are you to me?"

"I declare I've never been able to find out," said Wilmot with a laugh that had in it neither mirth nor music. "The utilitarian side of the matter is not clear to me. You might have bought a man who would have been more easily moulded to your fancy."

"I see you're trying to quarrel with me, and I sha'n't let you; there," said the widow, trying, in a kittenish way, to appear satisfied with his ultimatum in regard to the musicale.

Wilmot drew one of the fragile gold-leaf chairs to him and leaned on it. He was looking straight into Mrs. Sennett's eyes, thinking how Muriel had declared she was praying for God to prevent his marriage, and he wondered if what he was about to say was inspired by a higher power than himself.

"Mrs. Sennett," he said, "it may be late to say it, but there should be no secrets between two people who have agreed to get married. To be frank—more frank than I ever thought I could be—I think we've made a mistake. We're not suited to each other. When I agreed to marry you I was acting under the high pressure of vast gratitude, but had Mrs. Langdon not burst upon us so suddenly I'd have declared before leaving you that afternoon that marriage wouldn't be wise between us. If there's any honorable way——"

"I sha'n't listen to you," broke in Mrs. Sennett, deathly pale and very much agitated. "You are angry. I offended you just now. Let's drop this conversation. I simply can't give you up. Think of all that I have done for you, and think of what a disagreeable light I shall be placed in. I own I made a fool of myself once before with the public, but you'll not let them laugh at me again. I know you too well for that."

Wilmot's head was hanging down. He, too, had turned pale. She was shrewd enough to play the right card.

"No," he said resignedly. "No; they shall not make a fool of you for what I have done. I don't think I ever can do my duty by you as your husband, but I have nothing more to say—only that I want you to think it all over. Perhaps you may, in your wisdom, discover some way to straighten matters pleasantly with the public, and to increase my happiness and your own by making this affair only a memory to us both—never a reality! Good-night."

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Thirty-third Chapter

WILMOT went down the stairway instead of taking the elevator, and in pursuing this course he found himself, when the ground floor was reached, in the great office of the hotel. Hearing music from an open doorway on his right, and seeing a group of men at the door, he paused and looked in.

As he had supposed, it was the salon where the musicale was to take place. An Italian was seated at the grand piano, his bushy head almost touched by the low-hanging palm leaves. He was steadily striking the key of G for the benefit of a round-faced German 'cellist, who was tuning his instrument, which he held between his knees in order to steady it.

Over the heads of the men in front of him Wilmot saw a room filled with people in evening dress. At first he could not see Muriel, but finally descried her with Madame Angier and several stylishly attired young ladies near the piano. The sight of her caused him to move back suddenly behind a pillar. He did not want her to see him there, and yet he had an overpowering desire to hear her sing—to see her stand out before all that chattering assemblage. He knew they would applaud her vociferously; he knew they would admire her, and he wanted to exult in her popularity. He had never magnified his unworthiness as he did now. She was the star of the evening, the most popular person in the house, and he had no social right to sit before her. He felt like an outcast—self-exiled from his happiness.

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"That's her," remarked a man whom Wilmot recognized as being a clerk in the office, to another near him. "You know the Misses Van Tauber, don't you?"

The man addressed said he knew them.

"WILMOT HELD HIS BREATH WHEN SHE BEGAN TO SING"

"Well," went on the informant, "she's right between the two, next to the handsome lady, her teacher. That Southern girl can sing. You just wait till she opens her mouth and hear for yourself."

The room was fast filling. Wilmot saw Dorothea Langdon come in from a door which opened into the ballroom on the left of the piano, and sit down alone. He saw her steadily eyeing Muriel, and he saw the glance have its desired effect, for the girl recognized Mrs. Langdon over the piano and smiled and bowed. Even at that distance Wilmot could detect a glow of gratification pass over the tired face of the newspaper woman.

"Hello, what are you doing here?" Wilmot felt a touch on his arm and, turning, saw Frank Harrison.

"Only stopped a moment to look in," said Wilmot, almost in a tone of excuse.

"Going in?"

"No—I guess not."

Harrison hesitated. "I want to speak to you a moment. Come into the smoking-room." Wilmot noticed that he was looking downcast and troubled, and instantly divined the cause. He followed the poet across the hall into a room brilliantly lighted by many gas jets under bright red shades.

"Sit down," said Harrison. "Will you smoke a cigar while we talk?"

"No, thanks."

"I understand, Lee, you were present at the little affair last night?" said Harrison, and as he spoke he struck a match. When he held the flame to his cigar, despite his faultless evening dress, he had never appeared to such a bad advantage. His eyes were shot with blood and his face looked drawn and careworn. His hands trembled.

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"Yes, I took part," said Wilmot.

Harrison blew a cloud of smoke through his fingers and tried to look unconcerned, as his eyes followed the trailing cloud.

"It must have been a hurried affair, eh?"

"It was, indeed," answered Wilmot.

"A surprise to you, too, then?"

"Yes; rather a surprise."

"For the last week I've been prepared—I mean," corrected the smoker, "I suspected something might eventually happen in that quarter, but when I heard that it was to take place last night—well, it rather took me off my feet. She's a nice girl, Lee, but do you think she—really do you—don't you think she might have done better?"

"Not in our house," answered Wilmot with emphasis, for he understood the slur against his best friend. "Chester was decidedly the best man among us. I want you to know I positively think that."

"Oh, you think so?" said Harrison. "Well, Lee, you're welcome to your opinion. I think she might have done better, don't you know, for she's a mighty fine woman."

"Yes, and she showed her fineness and her wisdom in her choice of a husband."

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Wilmot rose with this parting shot. He was in no humor for arguing with Harrison or poulticing his wounded vanity. He was too despondent himself to play the part of a good Samaritan and spend sympathy on a man whom he did not like any more than he did Harrison.

The 'cellist had begun to play to the accompaniment of the pianist.

"I am going in there," said Harrison, dropping his cigar into an ash-receiver. "I know the Misses Van Tauber. They've promised to introduce me to a pretty Southern girl."

Harrison wasn't the kind of man to carry his broken heart in a sling very long.

Wilmot paused in the group at the salon door again. He saw Harrison make his way to a chair near the crowd of which Muriel was the centre. Again he felt his great inferiority to her. Before he had been mortgaged to Mrs. Sennett he had never felt this as he did to-night. An Italian tenor was going to sing. With a heavy heart Wilmot wandered through the adjoining reading and writing-rooms, and when he heard a loud clapping of hands he returned to his post at the door. Madame Angier was at the piano, and Muriel was standing before the audience, sweetly bowing in recognition of the greeting. Wilmot held his breath when she began to sing. Her self-possession, her beauty, her innate dignity thrilled him. Her voice astonished him. He had heard her sing at home, but she had told him that she never sang half so well unless accompanied by her teacher and in a room large enough to give her tones full compass.

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"Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" was the song she sang, and Wilmot was so dominated by the clear sweetness and fine quality of her voice that the barrier between them seemed swept away. "My heart opens at thy voice," he repeated to himself as she sang. As he looked at her across the vast expanse of elaborate gowns and waving fans, he saw only the pretty little girl he had first admired, in short dresses and braided hair, going to and from school past the office where he was studying daily. Then their wonderful friendship, and exchange of hopes and plans for the great future, blazed before him as clearly as stars in a black sky. With a heavy pain in his heart he found himself saying to himself, "How beautiful! She's mine—not theirs, for all their applause—but mine!"

The song was over. Its last lingering notes died away. The singer calmly folded her music, and with eyes downcast moved back to the chair near which Frank Harrison was standing, and between the Misses Van Tauber, who were blinking elatedly in the reflected light of their companion's success. The applause was deafening for more than a minute. It died down, and then gradually rose into a storm again. Madame Angier was smiling adoringly at her pupil, and with her eyes suggested an encore. Frank Harrison and the Misses Van Tauber invited her by word of mouth; the former would have conducted her to the piano had there been any need of this service.

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Her encore was "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River"—a song that Wilmot had heard from his cradle up, but never imbued with such melody and deep pathos as to-night. If he could have died then and there, and ended the agony of his darkened life, he would have forgiven Fate for his reverses; he was tired of the struggle to keep intact his ideal of an honorable man. All the powers of the seen and unseen universe seemed to have joined forces to overthrow him—to drag him down from the pinnacle of success he had pictured for himself. The room seemed to grow misty before his sight. He turned away even before the song was finished, and like one dazed hurried through the office and out into the street.

"Cab, sir? Cab, sir?" cried a number of uniformed creatures from their high seats, but he plunged on down the street as if fleeing from some unseen foe. At the corner he turned and looked up at the lighted windows of Mrs. Sennett's apartments, then he groaned, ground his teeth, clenched his hands, and plunged on again.

As he tossed in bed that night he recalled what Muriel had said about praying that his marriage to Mrs. Sennett might not take place, and he got up and knelt by his bedside, but it had been a long time since he had framed any of his numerous petitions in words, and he found himself unable to pray. As he was rising he said, however, "Oh, God, show me what to do, and let what I do be right in thy sight. And, O Lord, I beg thee to hear her prayers also—her prayers, Lord, heed them—for her dear sake!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Romance of One Woman's Life

THE TROUSSEAU OF JANE WOODS

BY RIENTOUL ESLER

With Drawings by F. McKernan

AN OMNIBUS half-full of people was trotting leisurely in the Bayswater direction from Oxford street, its occupants engaged variously in reflection, study of the early editions of the evening papers, or observation of the panorama outside.

Suddenly a young woman at the top of the omnibus cried "Stop!" and signaled impatiently with her umbrella. She had just observed her proximity to her own particular street, and felt indignant that the conductor had forgotten her injunction to put her down there.

"Stoppin' in a minute, miss," the conductor explained politely.

Now, Jane Woods objected to euphemisms, and had a will of her own. She meant to alight at a certain corner, and no mere 'busman should prevent her. She gathered her hand-bag and paper parcel together, grasped her umbrella resolutely, and strode down the centre of the vehicle, which had not slackened its pace. Eyeing the conductor with indignation, she pushed past him and alighted on the street. It was not a dignified descent; but for the sustaining hand of a man who happened to be passing at the moment, she would have fallen. The incident discomposed her, and she stared at her preserver with a bewildered expression on her good-humored face.

"Ladies should never leave a moving conveyance; they have not the usage of it," the man observed amiably.

The girl's brow cleared, and a look of pleased recognition came into her eyes.

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"I am as sure as I can be that you are from my own part of the world," she said. "They don't speak like us everywhere."

"I am from Nutford."

"Didn't I know it? And I'm a Grimpat woman."

"Are you?" He wanted to be polite, but obviously he was not greatly interested.

"It is five years since I have seen any one from home," she went on, with wistful eagerness. "I wonder now if you are likely to know any of my friends!"

"What may their names be?"

"I have friends called Mason, others of the names of Birney, and there are Smiths——"

"I know some Smiths," he said, smiling. "Of Grimpat?"

"No, of London."

"They would not be the same," she said, with a little sigh. "Have you lived long hereabouts?"

"Three years."

"I have lived eight in the same place."

"And never been home?"

"Once."

"Why don't you go back if you are homesick?"

"It's a long way, and it is not as easy to go back as to think about going."

"Well, I am glad you were not hurt," he said, preparing to move on.

"And I am glad I met you." She extended her hand half involuntarily. "Good-bye, and thank you."

"Good-bye." He shook hands with her and went away, moving quickly, as if to make up for the time lost in talking to her.

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"He might have told me his name," she said with a little frown, and then she proceeded towards her destination, his voice still in her ears, his brown eyes, that had a certain knowledge and sympathy in them, looking into hers.

He was younger than she, not more than five-and-twenty, apparently, and he was well-grown and good-looking, with a certain breath of country winds in his cheeks.

As the girl went homeward in a direction opposite to that he had taken she was wondering what his occupation was, and to what family he belonged, and was even asking herself would it be impossible to find out who in Nutford had a son in London.

Everything about Jane Woods—accent, aspect, attire—indicated her position in the lowest rank of the middle class, or the better rank of working women; her dress of brown cashmere, her black jacket and velvet-trimmed bonnet were essentially sober and respectable, while strict attention had been bestowed on the suppression of the natural ripples in her blond hair. Her eyes were light blue and of the shade of forget-me-nots; her face was short, serene and sensible, and her strong color gave her a look of health and rusticity.

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Jane Woods called herself a dressmaker, when she wanted to impress the community; she did her shopping in that capacity with an eye to business discount, and in the literal sense the appellation was correct. She was private dressmaker to the three Misses Spencer, lived at their house, boarded at their expense; altered and made their bonnets, mantles and gowns, but rendered them no other service in return for the annual sum they paid her.

It gratified them to think that the excellent Jane had as much profit at the year's end, between wages and presents, as if she worked for the public and had a house of her own, and helps and apprentices; while Jane's boast was that her ladies were the best-dressed women in the whole of Bayswater, though not one of them spent more than fifty pounds per annum on her entire wardrobe. Indeed, the harmony in an establishment inhabited solely by persons of the weaker sex was so great that the Misses Spencer devoutly hoped that the three treasures who dwelt in the kitchen region, and the faithful Jane who inhabited the second floor, would form, with themselves, a united household until the great disturber of material enjoyment—Death—should come to summon them in turn to a circle of more unbroken peace.

It was a pretty, prim, old-maidenly hall into which Jane admitted herself with Miss Selina's latch-key, borrowed for the occasion. There was a softly tinted paper on the wall, and rich rugs over the Chinese matting that covered the floor, and the blue jar on the table near the window was full of hyacinths that scented the air with odors of spring.

"Is it you, Jane?" Miss Selina asked, through the open drawing-room door.

"Yes, miss."

"You are later than usual."

"Half an hour later, miss. I had a few extra things to do, and I spent a little time studying a bonnet in one of the windows of Regent Street that looked likely to suit Miss Sarah; and then I nearly had an accident as I was coming home."

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"An accident! dear me! how was that?"

Miss Selina came out of the drawing-room, a pretty, faded figure with hair growing grey, and little faintly etched lines on forehead and lips. Her dark crimson gown gave her a certain glow of life and color, recognized as wholly fictitious when she spoke in the gentle tones of one long used to placid experiences and simple sources of happiness.

"The man would not stop the 'bus, and I got out when it was moving——"

"And fell?" Miss Selina cried, in accents of unaffected dismay.

"No; a passing gentleman caught me. And just think, Miss Selina, he was from Grimpat!"

"Why, it was quite an adventure!" the little lady said, with pleased interest.

"It did me so much good to hear the old accents. Ah, dear, there is no place like home, and no people like old neighbors when one is lonely."

"I did not know you were lonely, Jane," Miss Selina said, with some concern.

"Did you not, miss?" the girl asked bluntly. "Well, if you sat, year in and year out, in a room by yourself, making other people's clothes all day long, maybe you would find it out."

"Dear me! I am very sorry. I am sure I never suspected it. You know Jane, if you prefer to sit in the servants' hall in the evenings——"

"Do you think I should call cook and Sibella company?" Jane asked, with a disdainful toss of her chin.

"Miss Sarah or Miss Susan would sit with you now and then," Miss Selina went on, hesitatingly.

"No, thank you, miss. I'm not complaining, I'm sure; never have done so, and don't mean to begin it. I'm happy enough; only now and then a thought of old times comes back and puts it into my head for a minute that I should just like one lark among my own sort of people."

"A lark, Jane!" Miss Selina said in consternation.

The girl laughed. She had sound, white teeth, with an infinitesimal space between each, and her mouth had a pleasant wholesomeness about it.

"Oh, just for a minute, same as one wants the kingdom come when one is in a bad temper. I shall be all right when I have had my tea." Then she proceeded to speak of her purchases, saying she had brought the small articles in her bag, and the larger parcels would be sent next day.

"You have got pretty things, I have no doubt," Miss Selina said, with interest.

"Oh, trust me for that—and discount on them, every one." She gave a little self-satisfied nod, and went down the hall, taking her bag and umbrella with her.

Her workroom was a spacious and beautifully clean apartment, that would have seemed bare but for the warmth that filled it. The tile-patterned linoleum on the floor had rather a chilly look; but the red moreen curtains in the windows, the red cushions in the rocking and basket chairs, and the red-fringed cloth that covered the cutting-out table when it was not in use, looked eminently comfortable and old-fashioned.

A fire was blazing merrily on the hearth, and the workroom cat was sleeping peacefully on the rug, close to which a square table with a solitary tea service stood ready. A bright kettle waited in the fender the hand that should place it on the fire, and a long toasting fork hung in its place beside the mantelpiece.

The girl cut several slices of bread from the loaf on the table, for she had a healthy appetite; but as she turned them on the fork before the fire, she sighed:

"If Grimpat people could see me, they would think me luckier than a duchess. And so I am," she said firmly. Then she sighed again. She was thinking of a young man in a grey overcoat who had spoken to her with the accents of home.

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After tea had been finished and cleared away, Jane got out her needlework. Though a day's shopping for her employers was an important part of her duties, she could never rid herself of the thought that the time had been spent in idleness, and, therefore, she worked longer than usual each evening on her return. The Misses Spencer held, with justice, that Jane was an invaluable, conscientious creature.

That evening, with home in her thoughts, it seemed a coincidence that a letter came to her thence by the late mail. It was from her Aunt Bess, to whom she sent a little dole now and then, and who wrote to her more frequently when the doles were tardy.

The letter treated chiefly of the writer's infirmities at the first; but towards the end it gave a little local news.

"Mrs. Hurlburt has got back into the school again, now that Miss Dewar is married, and is going round drinking tea with all the folks that have children. We like to see her, because she is talkative and makes a stir about the place, though she is not the sort of a lady the other is. There is nothing but marriages going. The Frazers' Eliza will be married next week, and a fine match, too. That's the third of her ugly lot Mrs. Frazer has got off her hands, and every one of them younger than you. What about your marrying, Jane, dear? Surely there are men enough in that big London, and few girls to beat you anywhere! I don't say that marriage is the very best luck for everybody; but there is always a chance in it, and, when it turns out right, there's few things to beat it in this world."

Jane read the letter twice, then she folded it slowly and put it into the drawer of the sewing machine. That showed she was abstracted. She never secreted personal things there when she had her wits about her.

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As the days grew longer, and bird notes thrilled the air even about Bayswater, and the front gardens of the villa residences hung out yellow festoons of laburnum and fragrant bouquets of lilac flowers, Jane Woods, sitting over summer fabrics in the big bare workroom on the second floor, would lift her head and hold her needle poised, often for ten minutes at a time, while she stared out through the window at the pale blue sky and the rags of silver cloud drifting lazily athwart it without seeing any of its beauty.

She was thinking of Grimpat—of the doors standing hospitably open throughout the summer season; of the roses trained over the house fronts, the bits of tailor's trimmings which held them to the walls, looking like some kind of queer irregular blooms before the leaves come out and cover them; of the caged larks exulting in the freedom of the open air, through which they would never cleave their way again. It was of the place she was thinking, not of the brother married there, or the aunt who thought well of her when she manifested a liberal spirit, or of the sister gone to America, and prospering financially in that wealthy land.

With the busy season Jane grew listless. The Misses Spencer were going to Eastbourne for August and September, and, as they liked to look fashionable in a fashionable place, there were several gowns to make for each, with accompaniments of dust cloaks, and beach hats, and silken underskirts. The making of a series of other people's dresses, when one's heart is not altogether in the work, becomes fatiguing in hot July weather. It was in vain that Miss Sarah got a tonic from the family chemist for the invaluable Jane, and that Miss Selina obliged her to take a constitutional walk daily. Her forget-me-not eyes did not recover their lustre, nor had her cheeks their former healthy bloom.

"Let us take Jane with us to Eastbourne," Miss Selina kindly suggested to her sisters. But Miss Susan, who was the frugal member of the family, reminded her that they were going to a hotel where every meal would be charged in the bill.

"It would be better to present her with five pounds and let her travel home," the second sister recommended.

They felt sure that this suggestion would delight Jane. But, when it was made, she declined it. Two months was too long—her friends at home would be tired of her; but if she might stop in the house for six weeks of the holiday time, she would be glad of the last fortnight to visit in.

The first day of her freedom the girl spent in absolute idleness; not even putting away her mistresses' dresses or tidying the workroom, but sitting by the open window, inhaling the hot vapors from the street, and thinking of remote green pastures.

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On the second and third days she roused herself, and was portentously busy. The fourth day she made purchases in a shop in Westbourne Grove of a number of dainty things—satin squares, and lace, and soft cashmeres, to be embroidered in washing silks. On the fifth day she took a 'bus after breakfast and went toward Hyde Park, and, sitting in a shady seat, she worked all the forenoon at some dainty trifle of lace and ribbon for herself.

She dined at a restaurant in Sloane Street, choosing a seat close to the entrance, and scrutinizing the face of every man who came or went. As she returned home in the evening she sat by the door of the 'bus, and again she observed every face near her.

For a fortnight things went on thus; then Jane came home one evening with a look of her early contentment on her face. She had seen the Nutford man, and he had said, "How do you do?"

Meanwhile, her needlework assiduities were provoking comment in the kitchen. The house-maid had gone home, but the parlor-maid and the cook remained, and they decided that Miss Woods was quite as busy as when the ladies were in town, and that the things she was sewing at were just as lovely as if intended for her employers.

"She is making a white cashmere dressing-jacket, with rosebuds streaming down the front, and what she calls a cascade of lace trimming it; and she has made a satin bed-sachet and comb-bag, and a lot of lovely little dressing-table mats," said Crackenthorpe, the parlor-maid.

"Wedding presents for some of her friends, likely," cook answered.

"I'll take up her supper early and ask her," said the parlor-maid.

But the little oddments were cleared away when the supper time arrived, and Jane was putting the final touches to a new gown of fawn cloth, with filigree buttons and a pink brocade vest, that lay spread out on the big leather couch by the window.

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"My! what a beauty!" said the parlor-maid, whose tray had glided noiselessly past the work-room door.

Jane threw the sleeve of the bodice hastily over the pink vest; then, as if ashamed of the impulse, drew it back again, and said soberly:

"I am glad you like it."

"Is it for Miss Selina?"

The parlor-maid deposited her tray on the table, and drew near, gazing at the filigree buttons with eyes full of adoration.

"No; it is for me."

"For you? Why, it is grand enough to be married in!"

"That is just what it is for."

"And so you are going to be married? Well, I declare! Cook will be surprised, and the ladies, too, I'm sure. But it is good to think of one break in this colony of old maids. I'm just as glad on your account. When is it to be?"

"Oh, not till October, or maybe in November."

"Then, isn't the wedding dress a little bit soon?"

"No; it's face-cloth, and will do for any season; and then, you see, this is the only time that I'm likely to have all to myself for sewing."

"And what is he?"

"He's from my own place."

"Yes; but what is he?"

"He's a plumber and house-decorator."

There was a little hesitation in the answer, which did not escape the questioner.

"A journeyman?"

"Oh, dear no!—on his own account."

"Here, in London?"

"Yes—at Brixton."

"And well-to-do, I make no doubt? Plumbers make a fortune when they know their business and are steady enough."

Editor's Note—This story is taken from Youth at the Prow, a collection of brilliant short stories by R. Rentoul Esler. Published by John Long, London.

"He's in a very comfortable way," said Jane sedately, as she sewed on a button.

"And how did you meet him?"

"He's from my own place. I thought I told you that."

"Bring him here till we see him," said the parlor-maid coaxingly. "Anybody's sweetheart in the house will be a comfort to the whole of us."

"He's very busy, and he lives a long way off."

"Yes; but he could come of a Sunday."

"I don't know that he would when the ladies are from home; he wouldn't think it right."

"They would not object, and you know that," the parlor-maid answered, with a little accent of pique.

"He's pretty shy, anyway; but I'll see what I can do. I should like you to make his acquaintance," said Jane, with a suspicion of patronage.

As the parlor-maid went downstairs, she stopped before a mirror on the landing to adjust her fringe. It comforted her to see that she was a great deal better looking than Jane Woods.

When she was left alone, Jane sat down to her supper, but she ate with less appetite than usual. Her cheeks had a deep tinge of color, and her nostrils quivered a little, as if she were under some excitement.

"I'll have the fun of it," she said resolutely. "And—who knows?"

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When supper was over, she tried on her new gown. It was complete, even to the lace at the wrists, and it fitted her perfectly. The pink vest suited her, and she saw that it did. She lighted the candles on both sides of the cheval glass at which her mistresses were wont to consider themselves in new garments; then she walked up and down in front of it, holding her hands in different positions, and turning her neck this way and that, to observe in what attitude she looked to most advantage. Then she extinguished the lights, and went back to her easy chair, where she sat for a long time, abstractedly stroking on her knee the stuff of her new gown while the room got darker and darker.

During the following days she was very busy, and once she took the parlor-maid shopping with her, and once she took the cook, treating each to a liberal lunch on the occasion. Every day she wrote a letter, and went out to post it, in view of which correspondence it struck Crackenthorpe as odd that she seldom received a letter in reply.

She had written to her aunt some time before: "I am thinking of what you said about marriage, and I think there are worse things, when one can get the right man. Maybe I'll be a bride sooner than you expect. I have the chance just now."

Cook and Sibella, who had now taken Crackenthorpe's place, decided that nothing could be more liberal than the outfit to which Miss Woods was treating herself—no less than five new gowns, and wraps and jackets to correspond, and underclothing in abundance. All this was very interesting, but their curiosity relative to the man had become absolute pain. They had never seen him, and, with the run of the house at their disposal now in holiday-time, such reserve on his part was wholly needless.

During this exciting period, Jane wrote twice to Miss Selina, but she made no mention of her matrimonial prospects.

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In the last weeks of September she went home, taking a trunk of considerable dimensions with her, in which the kitchen company suspected she had packed more of her trousseau than it was altogether lucky to wear before the wedding. And their surmise was quite correct, for on her first Sunday at Grimpat, Jane blossomed into her wedding-gown, and a bonnet of gold tinsel and brown sequins, and a little white veil, behind which her rosy face acquired the touch of refinement, which was all it needed to make it really pretty and attractive.

But Jane was disappointed with Grimpat. The place was less progressive than she had imagined, and the married women were more commonplace, and the girls less good-looking. The men, too, were a little uncouth. The news of her engagement put them on easier terms with her than they would otherwise have been, and the compliments they paid her were not of the delicate kind she could have appreciated. As a matter of fact, she had two offers of marriage while at her home—in itself a flattering circumstance; but though possibly seriously intended—if taken seriously, they were made jocularly with a "throw-him-over-and-take-me" free and easiness that did not commend itself to the girl from London.

But the better bred recognized that Miss Woods desired to be treated with dignity; the women admonished the facetious males, and at the last they made her wedding presents, that reconciled her to them, though many of the gifts were so inelegant that she burned them privately on her return to Rayswater.

One curious circumstance was that she told no one that her lover hailed from Nutford, nor had the name she gave him a local sound.

On their return, the Misses Spencer found Jane improved in appearance, and quite happy in her prospects—so happy that they forbore to reproach her when she gave them a month's notice. They knew quite well they could never again have a private dressmaker as skillful and as capable; but they were reasonable enough to know that their convenience could not be expected to weigh in view of their sewing-woman's happiness.

Miss Sarah, who was the sentimental one of the family, though she looked so strong-minded, came to the workroom one evening to hear all the pros and cons of Jane's experience in love affairs.

"Does the thought of the change in your life not make you a little melancholy?" Miss Sarah asked wistfully.

"Not a bit," said Jane, stoutly. "When a woman has had to fend for herself as long as I have done, she wants to be taken care of by somebody."

"I suppose you are very much in love?" the lady said gently.

"There is nothing I would change in him, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot," was the ardent answer.

"You might bring him to see us."

"He wouldn't come, miss; I've asked him to a dozen times."

"Then we must go to see him when you are married. He won't be shy then."

Jane admitted that he probably would not.

Then Miss Sarah asked to see the lover's photograph, and Jane promised that he should get one taken at an early date.

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The little ladies were much interested in useful wedding presents for their faithful Abigail. They bought her very pretty dinner and tea services, and teaspoons, and table linen, and a number of practical odds and ends, which, when ranged in the work-room, with presents from her fellow-servants and various persons of her acquaintance, made a collection that many a middle-class bride would have envied.

"It is good to be you," cook said wistfully; whereat Jane shed a slow tear or two, and answered that it was not always wise to judge by appearances.

"Do you not think well of the young man?" cook asked, with concern, whereupon Jane briskly wiped her eyes, and answered that there was not the like of him in London.

The Misses Spencer wished to give the wedding breakfast, but the bride gratefully declined the proposal. She said Mr. Suttlethwaite wanted to be married from the house of a cousin of his own, and that everything was already arranged.

"Then, we'll go to the church and see you despatched," Miss Selina said, smiling, and to that proposal Jane was quite agreeable; but when the name of the church was asked for, the curious circumstance was that the bride had forgotten it.

"I dare say he is a monster, and she does not want us to see him," Miss Susan said to her sisters in confidence. "If that is the case, what a foolish girl she is! It's a poor thing to marry a man one is ashamed of!"

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But when Jane showed her lover's photograph this supposition was no longer tenable, the man was so handsome, so well dressed, so like a gentleman, that the eyes of the three little ladies had something like envy in them as they offered their compliments and congratulations.

"That man shy! Nobody could believe it! You must bring him up here," Miss Sarah said.

"I've coaxed and coaxed him," Jane answered; "but he's that self-willed, you would not believe it."

"Well, I am sure we wish you well, Jane," Miss Selina said with a sigh. "We shall miss you greatly; but if it is for your happiness, we won't complain. If you love each other, that is the important point."

"I am sorry I am going away," Jane answered huskily. "If it was all to begin over again I wouldn't think of it."

"Oh, you only imagine that, now that the end is near," Miss Selina answered.

And then Jane suddenly burst into tears.

The little ladies said she was overwrought, and they withdrew and left her to get a rest; and cook sent her up a cup of beef tea, as if she had been an invalid, and while she drank it the tears dropped steadily over her round cheeks. By-and-by they ceased, but her eyes wore their sad aspect all the evening.

She had a great deal of packing to do, for she was to leave next day; and as she looked now and then at the walls of the dismantled bedroom, which she had occupied for eight years, she said half aloud several times:

"It is so desolate."

She went away after an early dinner the following afternoon, a cab taking her boxes to the nearest railway station.

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When she was at the cab door, having said "Good-by," she ran back hastily, and tumultuously embraced the servants, and again wrung the hands of the three Misses Spencer. Then she drew down her veil, descended the steps a second time, and drove away without a backward look.

From that moment Jane Woods was never heard of in Rayswater. No notice of the marriage appeared in any newspaper. When Miss Spencer inquired for Jane at the address she had given as that of her future home, she found that it was occupied by a family which had lived there for years. There was no plumber of the name of Suttlethwaite in the local directory, and the photograph was that of a rising young politician, and had been purchased in some shop.

And so this romance of one woman's life resolved itself into a bit of pathetic make-believe, the outgrowth of her heart-hunger for the love which other women knew.

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"JANE WAS PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCHES TO A NEW GOWN OF FAWN CLOTH WITH FILIGREE BUTTONS AND A PINK VEST THAT LAY SPREAD ON THE COUCH"

A French Corner in America

WHERE DOCUMENTS WERE WRITTEN IN FRENCH

THE late announcement that the Louisiana Constitutional Convention, recently held in New Orleans, dropped French as one of the official languages of the State, will come with a lively element of surprise to many people who had never supposed that French could be an official language anywhere in this country, says the Boston Transcript. It seems, indeed, odd at this distance that the publication in French of legal documents and official notices has been a necessary formality in any State beneath the Stars and Stripes. But the well-known persistent inability of Creoles to understand English in the days before the war continued the traditions of the past. Since the general overturning of fortunes and influence attendant upon the new order of things, the Creole young people have become more and more Americanized. They all speak French and English.

Of the one hundred and thirty-four delegates composing the recent convention, only twenty-one were of French descent, and it is said that many "Creole families" were represented by men who do not speak French.

The struggle of the French tongue to maintain its ascendancy in Louisiana since the annexation in 1802 has been virile and prolonged. That it has taken ninety-six years for the language of the dominating Anglo-Saxon race to drive out its ancient lingual foe proves the strength of the latter.

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It is true that there are still about fifteen thousand French-speaking men in Louisiana, and perhaps three times as many women and children, but they live chiefly in the rural districts, and they are rapidly learning English. Often, without doubt, it is the sort of English Cable's Bonadventure taught his pupils, but at all events it is not French, nor Creole *patois*.

But if the French language has lost ground in Southern Louisiana and New Orleans, the French influence has maintained itself. The customs and usages are almost entirely French, the fashions French, as well as the mode of life and the holidays. The opera is always in French, never in Italian. The music is French, even to the tremolo, and Wagner is abhorred. The paintings are French, the cuisine essentially French.

It is a remarkable instance of the triumph of French ideas, tastes and customs, at the same time that the English language has been victorious over its Gallic adversary. The strength of the language is evidenced in its success and the strong prejudice and patriotism of the Creoles and French.

Even in the Catholic church, French is losing ground. In the sugar industry the French or Creoles have lost much of their influence, and most of the large plantations have passed into the hands of Americans. They have lost ground in the retail trade and in commerce generally, but in the professions, in finance, and in other branches, they hold their own. But the old sentimental tie which connected them with France is almost entirely gone, and there are no truer Americans anywhere in the country.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, August 27, 1898

* * *

After Death—the Biographer

TWO terrors make the thought of death unbearable to a great author—his biography and his literary executor. Both zealously put forth much that should never survive the author. Hugo's literary executors have issued a library of posthumous works, searching his waste-basket, reviving juvenile work that should gently asphyxiate, translating his old blotters, vainly trying to galvanize into life and literary immortality the very sawdust and chips of his genius. The fame of Stevenson, which can well rest upon his work as he left it, is imperilled by the publication of shreds and tag-ends of memories and of half-finished outlines and sketches which do not represent him. The literary resurrectionists are already busy with Gladstone and Bismarck. The courage of the sister of Alfred de Musset deserves praise. She refused to permit works unfinished at his death to be published, and she bravely denied the right of the public to regale itself on his correspondence with George Sand—to feed like vultures on a dead sentiment.

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The past few years have afforded many instances of authors of high literary repute offered as sacrifices on the altar of sensation and public curiosity by the key-hole revelations of their biographers. The question naturally rising from these instances is, to what an extent the life of an author, his notebooks, his private conversations, his letters and posthumous manuscripts belong to the public, and to what degree a writer's private life and characteristics should be considered by the critic.

The public life of a man belongs to the public, to discuss and analyze in whatever way they desire. His public acts and speeches must to a degree modify the life of every man around him, like the widening circles caused by a stone's cast into a lake. But the law-abiding life of man within his own four walls is his own, and it is only by his permission that it should become known to us. What passes there is understood to be under the seal of friendly confidence, as are also his letters and other communications. As to the literary remains of authors it is thoroughly unjust to print what perhaps are merely rough outlines, hasty notes, incompleted sketches which do not represent the author. Unless he gives permission, the papers should be considered unwritten. His reputation, which he has seen perhaps slowly and carefully rise into prominence before him, was the monument that society rears as a tribute to his genius, and the monument is his after death as fully and completely as in life. If he directs his posthumous papers to be made public, he thus stamps them with his approval and indorsement, and he puts them open before the public for its verdict. He risks his reputation exactly as he might were he living.

In general, in reviewing the work of an author, his personal character is not considered; it is the book that is to be criticized, not the writer. But where the work is not one of imagination pure and simple, the writer and his life must furnish the evidence of his ability and veracity. The novel is usually the work of the imagination, and, as such, it should be judged entirely on internal evidences. Whether or not Dickens was in private life conceited, vulgar, and unsympathetic, does not affect his works. We can judge George Eliot's novels without acting as moral censors over her conduct. But where a novel is presented as a realistic picture of life in some country unknown to us, it loses part of its imaginative element and becomes by that amount a work of history.

The value of realistic study of Japanese life is its truth. It is important to us to know whether the author's views are taken from personal observation or merely incubated by cyclopædias and works of travel. Baedeker is a frequent collaborator with the novelist, yet this aid is not so true to the spirit of the country as a traveler or resident. If the study is strongly in favor either of aristocrat or people, the author's position may fairly be inquired into. Was it one that would prejudice him? has he seen either side thoroughly or both sides superficially? can we trust his impressions? is he bigoted and narrow in his religious views?

As the work goes farther from the imaginative and becomes more clearly one of fact and reality, it is our privilege and duty to demand all necessary proofs from the life of the author to show his ability to throw light upon the question on which he writes. Our whole knowledge of parts of interior Africa rests on the word of Stanley, Livingston, and two or three others. The general reader, who has neither time nor opportunity to verify the history of Egypt, pins his whole faith to Rawlinson, Ebers, and a small band of specialists of whose honesty, truth, insight and liberality he must be satisfied. But neither reader nor biographer has a right to sit as Boswell at the family hearth of any writer. Our interest in the hard, strong, direct philosophy of Carlyle should not be biased and prejudiced by cruel biographic revelations of his marital infelicities and crankiness. This was a phase that did not affect his power to measure Frederick the Great or Cromwell, or to analyze the French Revolution. If, however, they did affect the work, then the public might demand to know them, as with the evidence must go the guarantee of its value, but not to aid the biographer in peddling family skeletons.

Sometimes, when a life-work is thus cruelly annihilated, the result of years of faithful labor ruthlessly swept into oblivion, and the careless word of a moment or the passion of a second magnified to seem representative of his whole life—when death has set the seal of silence forever on the lips of the accused, so that he is powerless to answer to the charges that rob him of his name; then it is with righteous indignation one is tempted to cry out, "God makes man, but the devil sends biographers."

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The President in War Times

WAR is unquestionably the fire that tests men's souls, that burns away the dross, leaving the pure gold. When Major McKinley was nominated for the Presidency, many, even in his own party, were convinced that a weak man had been named. Several of his appointments to prominent positions of great responsibility only served to strengthen the first impression, while his seemingly weak delay in declaring war after the wreck of the Maine convinced them of his utter inability to pilot the nation.

But events have shown the fallacy of that reasoning; what they thought was vacillating weakness was serene self-possession; what they took for hesitancy was dignity; what they considered fear was calm courage. Throughout the entire conduct of the war he has guided the Ship of State with a steady hand and a clear brain. No man in public station ever had a higher sense of his responsibility. When Lincoln was at the helm he, too, was assailed by hostile criticism from all sides; his motives were misconstrued, his acts misjudged. But when the clouds of war had melted away, people began to appreciate the nobility, the magnanimity and the sublime courage of Lincoln.

It will be so with McKinley. Already his bitterest enemies are beginning to appreciate the great worth of the man; already he is beginning to receive the loyal support and indorsement of members of all parties. When one has ascended to a great height there is often a strange desire to throw one's self from the summit, even though it mean certain death. Scientists call this acrophobia. In the mental as well as in the physical world there is a species of acrophobia. The attainment of some great eminence means absolute mental and moral self-destruction. McKinley, by his elevation to power, has grown more calmly serene. His extended view has broadened, not narrowed, him. The honor and the welfare of our nation he has kept as a sacred trust. When war was found unavoidable he stepped to the front, and there he has stood, the typical American in a crisis, showing tact, wisdom, courage, firmness and self-command.

* * *

Where the Insurgents Are Wrong

THE Chinese have a custom that, when a man saves another man's life, the savior must support the saved for the remainder of his life. It is plainly evident that the insurgents in the Philippines and in Cuba have no such idea regarding their relations with the United States. They are so eager to support themselves that they forget to be grateful for all the services we have rendered and are even making themselves obnoxious. They have made empty promises of assistance, have eaten of our stores, and have reaped all the fruits of victory, and yet grow indignant because, forsooth, we will not deal with affairs as they deem best.

Neither at Santiago de Cuba nor at Manila did the leaders of the Spanish insurgents seem to comprehend the real purpose of the United States. Large aid was promised our commanders at both places, but the insurgents were unable to make good half of their promises, although our officers armed, fed, and clothed them. At both places the impression seems to have prevailed that the United States was merely assisting the insurgents in freeing themselves from the domination of Spain, and that the moment this was accomplished we would vacate and leave them in sole possession.

Garcia's men expected to be permitted to enter Santiago directly after its occupation, to administer it civilly, and to make it the capital of their Republic till the Americans occupied Havana and surrendered it in turn to them. Aguinaldo proclaimed himself dictator, and expected to make the sole occupation of Manila and to be left in control of all government of the Philippines. In each case the insurgents were inspired by motives inconsistent with the high purpose of the United States and incompatible with the great interests it was morally bound to practice.

* * *

The Foreign Relations Conference

A CONFERENCE has been called at Saratoga Springs, New York, August 19 and 20, to consider the vexed questions of our foreign policy growing out of the war with Spain. Men of national reputation and special acquaintance with the subjects under consideration have been invited to speak, and all sides of the many varying views among thoughtful people will be presented.

The Saratoga meeting will not be the first National Conference called through the efforts of the Chicago Civic Federation. That Association held a useful congress on Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration in Chicago in November, 1894, and initiated the National Conference on Primary Election Reform in New York.

Some one has flippantly but not irrelevantly named the proposed Saratoga Conference "The White Elephant Congress." It will serve as a sort of storm-centre around which the whirling clouds of popular feeling may revolve. It is to be hoped that from the midst of the confusion of tongue some still, small voice of good counsel may come. With or without conferences and conventions, public opinion will slowly crystalize, helped by the utterances of the wise and not much misled by the foolish. There is a core of common-sense and sound judgment in the American people.

* * *

The School for Story-Writers

THE interviewer has found out Mr. Godkin, the editor of the New York Evening Post, and made him say things about journalism. "I have dissuaded hundreds of young men from entering it," runs a quotation from his conversation with the insinuating young woman who secured the copy. "It is a profession which leads to nothing. In medicine and in law there are prizes; the brilliant man finds his way to the top. In journalism there is no top."

Mr. Godkin is unduly pessimistic about his profession, but in that he is like a great many men who, though at heart they may love their particular business or profession, will tell you that it is the hardest of them all, and that its rewards are the smallest. No doubt, in these overcrowded days, the top is hard to find; but it is there, in journalism as in every other pursuit, and it is a very pleasant place to be. Nor does journalism differ, except in kind, from the other professions. It has its own peculiar pleasures and compensations.

More than that, it does lead to something. For one thing, it has been, and is to-day, the great training-school of our story-writers, just as the law is the training-school of our politicians and statesman. Bret Harte and Mark Twain, Kipling, Harold Frederic, Howells, Richard Harding Davis, Stephen Crane, and a host of others are or have been newspaper men. And nowhere else would their talent have been so surely and swiftly developed as in a newspaper office.

The newspaper man belongs to a peculiar estate, whose business it is to approach all men and penetrate to all places. He jokes with Doctor Depew in the theatre-box where he is interviewing him, dances with the belle of the plumbers' ball and goes on the trial spin of the newest battle-ship.

There are days when he hurries from a "smart" wedding to pry into the unsavory details of domestic scandal; from the funeral of a "prominent citizen," with its show of decorus mourning and platitudinous eulogy, to the filthy hole where some Greek lies murdered; from a banquet, where a gorged and self-complacent company is listening to the after-dinner speakers, to a meeting of hungry, despairing strikers. He comes to know the moral sores of the city, its nests of misery, its breeding places of crime, its foul spots where the sun never shines.

He sees the other side, too—the life of the rich, the prosperous, and the more comfortable of the poor. If there are pugilists, gamblers, roughs and criminals among his acquaintances, there are senators, congressmen, judges, preachers, doctors, lawyers and millionaires as well, not to mention a goodly proportion of the police force. In fact, he does and sees everything that happens and gets into print—and a great deal more that does not.

If a man have the necessary foundation qualities, a few years of this life will develop the story-writer; too much of it will harden him into the confirmed newspaper man. But despite the existence of yellow journals, there are worse careers for a young man to choose than journalism.

TOLD OF THE PLAYERS

Irving's Sixty Pairs of Spectacles.—Sir Henry Irving has one peculiarity that only those brought into intimate contact with him recognize, says Answers. This is in regard to the number of spectacles and glasses of various sorts that he always has on hand, both at the Lyceum Theatre and at home. At the Lyceum he has quite two dozen pairs of one kind and another, and no employee about the place ever dreams of removing them; for when Sir Henry is busy with some production he is perpetually losing his spectacles, and, as he is far more dependent on these than most people know, he flies to the nearest point where he is sure he may find a pair. He is constantly buying new pairs of glasses, and he pleads guilty to having sixty pairs either at the theatre or at home.

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The Trumpeter's Despair.—On one occasion when Mrs. Billington was singing a passage with an obligato for the trumpet, her husband, who was the conductor, thought the trumpeter might play louder, and so repeatedly urged the musician that at last the excited German exclaimed, "Louter! louter! eh? Mein gracious, vere is de vint to come from? I hev no more vint!"

*

A Rat-tail Cactus.—The late Désiré, of the Bouffes Parisiens, had a friend passionately fond of flowers and rare plants, and who considered himself a great judge of them. One day Désiré buried a dead rat in a flower-pot, and, allowing the tail to remain above the earth, tied it up to a training-stick. He sent this pot to his friend as a very rare specimen of cactus.

After many days of great care and constant watering, the victim of Désiré's pleasantry began to think something might be amiss with the root. He pulled the prodigy from the pot, and—smelt a rat.

*

On the Installment Plan.—Suzanne Lagier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of The Two Orphans, and this actor had to carry her fainting off the stage.

He tried with all his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine, but, although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery, "Take what you can and come back for the rest afterwards."

*

Simple Edwin Booth.—Once upon a time a printer brought to Edwin Booth, for inspection, the proof of a new poster, which, after the manner of its kind, announced the actor as "the eminent tragedian, Edwin Booth." Mr. Booth did not fully approve of it. "I wish you'd leave out that 'eminent tragedian' business. I'd much rather have it simple, 'Edwin Booth,'" he said. "Very good, sir." The next week the actor saw the first of his new bills put in position. The new poster announced the coming engagement of "Simple Edwin Booth."

*

Playing Three Parts Simultaneously.—A theatrical manager who had a limited purse, and consequently a limited company, occasionally compelled some of the actors to "double"—that is, play two or more parts in the same piece. "Lancaster," he said one morning, addressing a very serviceable utility man, "you will have to enact three parts in The Silent Foe to-night—Henderson, Uncle Bill, and the Crusher."

"Can't do it," replied Lancaster.

"You can't do it? Why? Why, sir?"

"Because it is impossible," returned the indignant actor. "No human being can play those three parts at the same time. In the first scene of the third act two of them have a fight, and the third fellow rushes in between them and separates them."

*

The Three Commandments.—Alfred Bunn, formerly manager of Drury Lane Theatre, delivering a lecture on the Drama to a crowded audience, told this story: "A wealthy gentleman, who had a great veneration for the works of Shakespeare, had a costly cabinet erected for the exclusive reception of what he believed to be one of the first copies of the immortal poet's work ever printed. Outside this cabinet were three brass plates, with the following inscriptions: 'To authors: Thou shalt not steal;' 'To critics: Thou shalt not bear false witness;' 'To actors: Thou shalt do not murder.'"

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT BE CORNERED

THE STORY OF HOW... ARMOUR GOT HIS WHEAT

BY A BOARD-OF-TRADE BROKER

I

FOR weeks, the wheat pit had been a storm-centre. Day after day a dull rumble and roar, rising and falling monotonously, as when the surf booms in on a distant beach, had come down to passers-by in the street below. Men hurrying along about their business had stopped as their ears caught the sound, looked up curiously at the great plate-glass windows, and joined the jostling crowd that was pushing in through the wide doors beneath the gray stone tower.

It was April when the storm began to gather, December when it burst. At first a little thing of gusts and flurries, it scarce flawed the surface of the market; but week by week it gathered strength until it broke a cyclone that swept men from their feet and shook the foundations of trade.

It began in April, when a young man placed a careless order for a hundred thousand bushels of May wheat; and now it was December, and the young man's little holding had swelled to millions. For that first wheat he had paid some seventy cents a bushel. Then the price had dropped and dropped until he could have bought September wheat at sixty-four. And buy he did, five hundred thousand bushels of it, and kept on buying. And, as his holdings grew, his horizon widened, until he was dazzled by the prospect that he saw before him.

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Wheat mounted higher, slowly at first, and then by leaps and bounds; for Europe was hungry and must have bread. The young man transferred his holdings to the December delivery, and bought and bought. Already he owned more wheat than was in all the elevators in Chicago. And now, unless the men who had sold it to him discovered their plight in time to bring grain from the West before January first, he could run the price up to a dollar, two dollars, whatever he wished. These "shorts" must fill their contracts then or pay him the difference between that final price and the one at which they had sold. To keep them ignorant of their danger until it was too late to get wheat to Chicago was the game.

Well the young man played it. The price kept rising, but there were little breaks between to lull suspicion. On December fifth, it was ninety-five and one-half cents, and all the blame was laid on hungry Europe. For the young man kept himself modestly in the background, and there was nothing but a number on a broker's books to tell who owned millions of wheat.

Old hands, who had weathered many a hard storm, began to suspect something besides Europe. They sniffed and smelt Armour, Pillsbury, Pierpont Morgan, or a New York syndicate in the market, quietly pocketed their losses, and made all snug and tight against dirty weather.

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The wheat-pit of the Chicago Board of Trade, that hub whose spokes radiate to the markets of the world, and which regulates the movement of prices for grain, is a circular arena of steps on which a few hundred brokers can find standing space and face each other. Around it, scattered over the floor of the great trading chamber, are smaller pits where other grains and provisions are dealt in. Even on calm days, when the pulse of the market is slow, this is not a quiet place. In the pits there is the constant clamor of buying and selling for future delivery; about the long rows of sample tables on the floor are quieter groups, offering and bidding on cash grain. In and out, among the men in the pits and on the floor, dart messengers, bawling the names of brokers for whom they have telegrams, and sharp above all the tumult comes the clatter of a hundred instruments, ticking out orders and carrying away quotations. From a spacious gallery, a dozen country visitors look down at the shouting, gesticulating men and wonder what it all means.

But on the ninth of last December, long before the hour for trading to begin, the crowd filled the wheat-pit to the brim, and, overflowing down the circular steps, spread out dense on the surrounding floor. The other pits were half deserted, the floor bare, except for the messengers hurrying back and forth. Above, in the gallery, the seats were filled, the aisles where choked with curious men and women. They kept rising to their feet, like people at a circus, and peering down at the waiting crowd.

As the hands of the clock crept toward the trading hour, the laughing chat of the sight-seers died down and the men in the pits, who had been conversing in low tones, gravely, earnestly, became silent. Every face reflected a fierce eagerness to grasp more in the great struggle which was coming, or a half-terror lest the rest of a dwindling fortune should be swallowed up. For in that range of thirty cents, from sixty-five to ninety-five, men had made millions, had lost millions, and now a new force, an unknown quantity, loomed up large before them. For overnight that vague uneasiness which, through all the early winter, had been growing, had crystallized into panic.

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Only a minute more! Every eye was on the clock, every ear alert for the clash of the gong. Only the clacking of the tireless instruments and the shrill cries of the messengers echoed from the lofty ceiling.

It came with a clang and a mighty roar. The crowd crushed together until the men in the pit were lifted from their feet. The wriggling, writhing, swaying mass bristled with wildly waving arms until it looked a monster with a thousand tentacles. Men, with faces reddened and distorted, howled and raved, now shaking clenched fists across the pit, now signaling frantically with crooked fingers.

To the people in the gallery, craning their necks in breathless eagerness to see, the meaning of this madness was not clear. But they knew that men were being made and ruined in those few minutes, and that was enough.

They saw the hands on the indicator, which some days moved by eighths and some days scarce at all, flying around wildly, like the arrow on a wheel of fortune stopping not for eighths and quarters, but leaping halves and cents at a whirl. From 101½ to 109 it moved, and the highest mark that wheat had made in six years had been reached. Farther and higher the panic-stricken shorts might have driven it had not the echo of the tumult come to the young man in his office half a mile away. As yet it was not time for these big figures. Settling day was three weeks off, and there were big fish in the net who might break its meshes were they too soon lifted above water.

Into the frantic crowd, where fifty sought to buy what one would sell, his brokers came and doled out wheat until the panic was appeased and the clamor quieted.

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II

WHILE the excitement was wildest, a sharp-eyed lad, clutching tight in one hand a slip of white paper, detached himself from the outer fringe of traders and dodged across the floor to the door. Down the stairs he went, taking them three at a time, and out into La Salle Street. A short block he ran, turned into the Home Insurance building, and, breathless, burst into an office on the first floor.

To a door in the front of this office, which gave admission to a small private apartment, the lad hurried and handed his slip of paper to an older youth, who was hovering about with the anxious air of one momentarily expecting a summons from some unexpected quarter. Armed with this slip, the youth opened the door.

Within, seated before a wide oak writing-desk, sat a man of medium height, snugly stout. His large head, set deep down into a strong neck, was perfectly bald except for a thin thatch of light-colored hair, which covered the base of his brain and climbed up over his ears and down his face on either side in closely-cropped whiskers. A high and well-shaped forehead, square, determined jaws, and keen, gray eyes, restless, darting and incisive, stamped his as an unusual and powerful personality. The eyes were his most distinguishing feature. They compelled a certain docile respect at all times, submission and fear when their owner wished it. Yet, withal, they were kindly eyes—eyes that could twinkle with fun or express depths of sympathy.

PHILIP D. ARMOUR

This man was Philip D. Armour, on whom perhaps some fifty thousand people are dependent for a living. Philip D. Armour is Armour & Company, who are the largest packers of meats in the world. And Armour & Company is the Armour Elevator Company, whose warehouses dot the West and line the Chicago river; and the Armour Refrigerator Line, whose rolling-stock is on all lines, East and West, North and South; and half a dozen other vast enterprises. Last of all, Philip D. Armour is "the old man." Not disrespectfully, but as the badge of his authority, is the term used.

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This man began life with a country-school education. But he made up in Scotch pluck and persistence, and Yankee ingenuity and shrewdness, his natural and only inheritance, what he lacked in special equipment for life. From gold-hunting in the West, he drifted into the grain business, and thence, in a modest way, into packing provisions in Milwaukee. From Milwaukee to Chicago is but a step, and he took it.

Year by year the scope of his operations broadened. Tumble-down sheds and ramshackle shanties gave way to big brick buildings whose clustering stacks vomited forth smoke day and night. Armour & Company had become the foremost concern of its kind in the world.

Meanwhile, as the Armour Elevator Company, the head of the house had been broadening out in another direction. First of all, Mr. Armour is a merchant and warehouseman, but he has been known to speculate occasionally—in fact, all the unexplained vagaries of the market are laid at his door.

Mr. Armour is simple in his habits. At six o'clock every morning he is up, and an hour later in his office, listening to telegrams and skimming over important correspondence before passing it along to his department heads, glancing at market reports, asking quick questions and receiving careful answers. He seldom leaves his desk before five, and then it is to drive back to his unpretentious house on Prairie Avenue and pass the evening until nine in his library, when he goes to bed.

His men are notoriously well paid. Half of them tell the time by watches that the "old man" has given them, and the other half wear suits for which the bills have been sent to him. And besides his daily charities, a million and more of his money has gone into the twin institutions which bear his name. But while his left hand may give his right attends strictly to business.

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III

MR. ARMOUR unfolded the little white slip, and peered over the top of his glasses at the column of penciled figures and the comment scrawled beneath. His face expressed nothing.

He had been expecting something of this sort and quietly preparing for it. For the "old man" had a little business secret, too—a secret which the sharper traders had already guessed, and which he was soon to share with the rest of the world.

For once, the shrewd old speculator had been caught on the wrong side of the market. All through the fall he had been feeling pessimistic about wheat, and all through the fall he had been selling, until the aggregate which he stood committed to deliver before the first day of January had mounted into millions of bushels. And the bins in that long string of elevators along the foul river were well-nigh bare of contract-grade wheat.

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But Mr. Armour possesses the saving virtue of the speculator. He can smell out an error in judgment, or a change in conditions, and take the other side with the rapidity of a flash of lightning jumping from cloud to cloud. It was late in the deal when there had come to him a suspicion that he was fairly cornered—too late unless he could accomplish the seemingly impossible. Another man must have thrown up his hands and submitted to being held up. Mr. Armour turned to fight.

It was not the money only, though no man, no matter how great his wealth, can be careless of a loss of a million dollars and more, according as the fancy of an opponent dictates. But the fierce pride of the merchant was involved—the pride of the man who had made the name of the house the synonym for success; the pride of the veteran who had stood a victor at the forks while his opponents passed under the yoke.

When he had been younger, and even in these later years of unshakable strength, there had been men of boldness and wealth who had boasted that they would break "old Armour"; that they would paint their trade-marks on his yellow wagons. But after these storms had blown off to sea the rock had still been there. Armour bore no malice toward them. More than once, when some great structure of speculation had collapsed, wrecking the work of months in an hour, the head of the corner had hurried breathless to his office, and it was Armour who had saved the market from utter collapse and the man from utter ruin.

And then there were the little fellows, who, in venturing beyond their strength, had been sucked down and under. How this crowd would yelp with delight at the spectacle of the "old man" beaten at his game by a boy—and a Harvard graduate at that. For now the fight was in the open; the old man and the young man were face to face.

It was at one of the downtown clubs that the latter's secret had been discovered. Day after day there had been hasty calls for Joseph Leiter at the telephone, and the young man had talked a dozen times a morning to a mysterious someone. Even club men have that pardonable human failing—curiosity. It was discovered that the mysterious someone was the broker who was making those heavy purchases for a number on his books. Club men can put two and two together. The number became a name.

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IV

IT IS a source of strength to Mr. Armour that he is as little deceived by flattery as he is moved by abuse. He appraises men and events at their exact value.

"No man," he is fond of saying, "is stronger than his weakest point." So he probes for that weakest point, and, once he has found it, he knows his man.

Nature and chance had combined to make Leiter's position well-nigh unassailable. Drought and wet and blight had wasted the wheat-fields of Europe; except America, the great grain-producing countries had nothing to sell; the hungry had been calling across the Atlantic for bread until the grain bins in Chicago were half empty. Leiter himself had been hurrying grain away to any port far enough removed to have it out of reach on delivery day.

But there was still wheat, plenty of it, in the West and Northwest. And if Armour could get enough of it to Chicago in time the corner would be broken.

Here again Nature sided with Leiter. Even if the grain could be scraped together, it would be impossible for the railroads alone to transport it to Chicago in that brief space. Part of it must come down by boat from Duluth.

Winter comes early on those Northern lakes. In December the last blur of trailing smoke fades from the horizon, and the vast space becomes a solitude—a stretch of white, darkened with patches of steel-blue water, silent, save for the sharp snap and crack of grinding and shifting ice. Already the

harbors were ice-bound, and the narrow straits of Sault Ste. Marie, through which a steamer must steer its course to Lake Michigan, becoming locked fast against attack.

In the rear of the office at 205 La Salle Street, centre wires over which every way-station in the United States, every capital in Europe, every corner of the world can be reached. Within an hour after Mr. Armour had decided where he stood, ordinary business had been side-tracked, and the operators were busy sending a constantly increasing pile of telegrams marked "rush."

Armour was calling for wheat. To every "impossible," he returned a "must." Day and night he was in the saddle, directing, watching every detail of the fierce struggle against time and the elements.

When Mr. Armour is in a hurry, there is a note in his voice which makes men hurry. When he says a thing can be done, there is a persuasiveness in his blunt logic that moves others to his way of thinking. As his telegrams were delivered, they woke up men all over the West—agents and brokers in the large cities; buyers and warehousemen at the lonely prairie stations; and farmers in Minnesota, Montana, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and even far-off Manitoba. They started long trains of empty cars rattling across the endless prairie stretches to the stations where the loaded wagons, creaking and groaning tire-deep through the black mud, were converging and dumping the clean, sound grain. They routed out steamboatmen from snug little groceries and saloons, where they had started to doze away the long winter beside squat, red-hot base-burners, and sent them aboard deserted steamers that were tied up to the wharves.

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They moved a fleet of tugboats down Lake Superior, and kept them stirring back and forth in endless procession through the straits during the long, still nights, when the sharp cold bound together the cakes of ice washing about in their wake. In the harbor at Duluth there were other tugboats puffing back and forth until the fleet should be loaded to the water-line. And what steam could not do, dynamite accomplished. For while the old man in Chicago might believe in his destiny, he knew that dynamite would help it through the zero weather.

Now began the race. Long trains of loaded cars bumped in quick succession across the Western lines. Some were headed for Chicago; the rest poured their freight into the holds of the mighty fleet that had been gathering. From Duluth to Sault Ste. Marie, and thence down Lake Michigan, the steamers were strung out, booming along under every pound of steam. And in the midst of it all sat Armour, coaxing, planning, ordering and keeping the whole deal, from farmers to fleet, within the scope of his all-comprehending eye. Until the danger was past, nothing was too big, nothing too small, for his personal attention.

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V

ON DECEMBER tenth the reporters found out the young man and made him talk. Something of what was going on in the West he knew, but he was flushed with the glory of what he had done, proud of the big game he had played and had not yet lost, even if his victory were to be incomplete.

"Am I in this wheat deal?" he asked, leaning back in his chair and looking about with the assurance of the young man for whom life has been a round of ready-made successes. "Well, I should remark. Without any desire to boast, I might say we are controlling the biggest individual line of wheat in the country."

On December thirteenth, the price dropped from 105 to 97½, but there were other forces at work now. For the next day it was reported that stocks of wheat in storage had increased 1,356,000 bushels in two days, and the last cargoes of 3,654,000 bushels were arriving from Duluth.

All the tracks in the acres of railroad yards were stuffed and choked with cars; the enormous elevators could make room for no such extra tonnage. In the end, a fleet of one hundred and thirty-four vessels had to be pressed into service to store the surplus wheat through the winter.

It really looked as if Mr. Leiter had not counted on having all this wheat delivered to him, when, twenty-four hours later, his father came hurrying on from the East. He, too, seemed rather impressed with the bigness of it all.

"I am much pleased that my son has broadened out into a first-class merchant," he said; and then he started out to borrow money to pay for the wheat which Armour was delivering to him. And there was need, for that day saw 500,000 bushels added to the stocks, 2,500,000 bushels tendered on the son's contracts, and 3,500,000 bushels more reported on the way to Chicago.

On December thirtieth, Leiter had 8,000,000 bushels of cash wheat; Armour had filled all his contracts, and was selling out a surplus that he had on hand.

On the last day of the year a crowd gathered on 'Change to see the end of the December deal; but it had already ended—ended when, a few days before, Armour had delivered the last bushel which was due on his contracts, and left Leiter alone, with his glory and his wheat.

How Our War Will Be Ended

THE ETIQUETTE OF PEACE-MAKING

By JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, Jr.

THERE is no doubt that, when the occasion arrives, the declaration of peace will be a matter much more complicated and ceremonious than was the formal and official declaration of war, when war could not be avoided.

Spain's movements will be guided with a view of making the best possible showing in the formal treaty which is to bring hostilities to a close. When the President shall have become convinced of her sincerity in courting peace at the price set by him, he will begin to revolve the intricate wheels of the complicated peacemaking machinery.

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The etiquette of peacemaking is as strict as that of war-making. Pending negotiations for permanent peace, the President may agree to an armistice—that is to say, a temporary peace. Neither side can then take advantage of such a truce by making warlike movements or repairs beneath the other's guns. If Havana or any other Spanish city is under siege, however, it will be permissible for its defenders to repair or build inner defenses out of reach of our artillery. In other words, neither Spain nor the United States may do anything during an armistice which the other might have prevented it from doing at the exact moment when the truce took effect.

The war will not be permanently terminated until a treaty of peace with Spain has been signed, ratified and proclaimed by both countries. It has happened that two countries in modern times have terminated a warfare between them, not through a formal treaty of peace, but through utter exhaustion. Such cases, however, are rare.

Our Civil War closed without a formal treaty of peace, because by its ending was caused the destruction of the Confederacy, and there remained no power with which to treat. It is not probable that Spain will fight until she is thoroughly exhausted, or until she has lost her political identity.

The treaty of peace will, of course, excite the interest of the European Powers. It may settle all matters in dispute between us and Spain, or it may not. Sometimes nations find themselves so thoroughly entangled in dispute that it becomes impossible to enumerate what they agree to be right and what they agree to be wrong. In such cases, nations agree to "let bygones be bygones forever," each one, nevertheless, assured that it is right.

But, without doubt, we will not agree to peace in this case until entire satisfaction is guaranteed in black and white. The document will probably contain the agreement, in detail, of Spain to grant freedom and independence to Cuba, to give us Porto Rico and the Philippines, and to pay us indemnity for the destruction of the Maine. We may ask for all of the islands, preferring to hold on to Cuba for a while before handing it over to her own patriots, or we may agree to accept an enormous indemnity for the Philippines.

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Arrangements will be made for the resumption of commerce between us and Spain, and for the return, by both sides, of prisoners of war. The latter will be kept only so long as is absolutely necessary—after the establishment of peace—to arrange for their return. They will be returned man for man of equal rank, and if we find that we then retain more than Spain can thus exchange, we may charge a sum of money, or agree to some other allowance in return for the excess.

War will not actually come to a close until after both Governments have ratified the peace treaty. Any vessels afterward captured by either side through ignorance of the time fixed in the treaty must be released, and all other acts of a warlike nature undone as far as possible.

The first practical step toward a treaty of peace will be the appointment by both Governments of Plenipotentiaries authorized to meet and draw up such a document. Our Plenipotentiaries must be confirmed by the Senate. There is no established rule as to how many of these shall be selected for appointment by either side. Three Plenipotentiaries were appointed in 1783 to draw up for this Government the treaty of peace with Great Britain, while that Government was represented by but one. The treaty of peace ending the War of 1812 was drawn by three British and five American Plenipotentiaries; that ending the Mexican War was drawn by three Dons and only one American.

The President may have in mind whom he will appoint for this important duty, although, of course, it would be premature for their names to be mentioned. The treaty of Paris was drawn by John Adams, then Minister to the Netherlands; Benjamin Franklin, Minister to the Court of Versailles, and John Jay, Minister to Madrid, acting for us, and by David Hartley, M. P., acting for Great Britain. The treaty of peace ending the War of 1812 was signed at Ghent in 1814 by John Quincy Adams, Minister to Russia; J. A. Bayard, ex-United States Senator; Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Albert Gallatin, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and Jonathan Russell, Esq. Our sole Plenipotentiary who signed the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, with Mexico, in 1848, was Nicholas Trist, ex-Assistant Secretary of State.

President McKinley will, therefore, be permitted by precedent to appoint, as Plenipotentiaries to form a treaty of peace with Spain, almost any men in public life who may be acceptable to all parties concerned. Were the treaty signed in Washington, the Secretary of State might be appointed, but it is contrary to custom to sign a treaty of peace in either of the two countries at war. The theory is that all pressure on either side would be avoided in a neutral country.

The treaty having been drawn by the Spanish and American Plenipotentiaries, instructed by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Madrid and the State Department at Washington, it must next be submitted to the respective Governments for ratification. It will, therefore, be printed upon parchment in two editions, one English and the other Spanish. The ratification on our part must be done by the Senate. The treaty having at last been ratified by both Governments, peace will be formally announced by both—in America by a Presidential proclamation.

Judging from precedents, the Spanish-American treaty of peace will be an interesting document from a purely literary point of view. Makers of treaties of all kinds are fond of inserting as many flourishes as possible. The preambles of treaties of peace are rich with high-flown phrases.

The treaty of Paris begins thus:

"*In the name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity:*

"It having pleased the Divine Providence to dispose the hearts of the most serene and most potent Prince George the Third, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, Arch Treasurer and Prince Elector of the Holy Roman Empire, etc., and of the United States of America, to forget all misunderstanding," etc., etc.

The treaty of Ghent, 1814, is less pretentious in composition:

"His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, desirous of terminating the war which has unhappily subsisted between the two countries, and of restoring, upon principles of perfect reciprocity, peace, friendship and good understanding between them," etc.

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848, begins:

"*In the name of Almighty God:*

"The United States of America and the Mexican States, animated by a sincere desire to put an end to the calamities of the war," etc.

Whatever possessions of Spain may be ceded to us by the treaty of peace will continue under their old laws until Congress shall formally declare them Territories.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, which appeared in the Philadelphia Press shortly before the peace arrangements, shows the usual methods of making peace.

HOLDING THE NILE IN CAPTIVITY

How Modern Engineering Solved a Problem

AFTER nearly four years of deliberation, the great dam across the Nile, which is to conserve the waters of the river for the irrigation of Egypt, has been definitely decided upon, the plans have been drawn, the contractors found, and the work practically begun, says the Philadelphia Record. By the beginning of the next century one of the greatest engineering works of modern times will be well on its way to completion. By a strange coincidence, the present year marks the centenary of Nelson's great victory of the Nile.

The colossal character of the great dam will be apparent when it is stated that the flood discharge of a river a mile wide and thirty feet deep, flowing at a high velocity, will have to be discharged through sluices at the rate of fifteen thousand tons of water per second, and that the water will be dammed back at times to a height of about sixty-six feet above its present level, and for a distance of one hundred and forty-four miles above the dam. The quantity of water contained will be more than one billion tons.

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The history of the preliminaries to the dam's construction is a long and a curious one. When is was announced that the great dam at Assuan was in course of consideration, the archæologists raised a cry of dismay at the prospect of the temples of Philæ—which are situated on an island about a mile above the site of the dam—being submerged. In vain the engineers protested that the value of Philæ to Egypt was as nothing to the benefits which would be conferred on it by the construction of a Nile reservoir; in vain Sir Benjamin Baker declared that the Egyptians did not care a piastre for the ruins except as a means of attracting tourists.

The vicarious archæological spirit was strong in the land—in England, that is to say—and in deference to it a proposition was made to raise the temple bodily. "From the archæological point of view," wrote Sir Benjamin Baker in 1894, "the condition of the temples when raised would be unchanged, as every stone would remain as originally laid by the builders. From the artistic point of view the appearance would be enhanced; the temples would rise out of a wide, placid lake, whereas now the Nile is low, the stream insignificant, and Philæ Island appears to stand in a hollow.

Before the question of Philæ rose to such prominence, the engineers had exhausted every other project. Sir William Garstin, Under Secretary of State for Public Works in Egypt, and Mr. Willcocks, an engineer in the service of the Egyptian Government, prepared various projects for the construction of reservoirs, and these were referred to an International Commission.

The first project examined by the Commission was that of the Wadi Rayyan reservoir. The Wadi Rayyan project consisted in the conversion of a deep depression in the desert into a vast lake of nearly three hundred square miles in extent. It would have been situated several hundreds of miles below Assuan, and only eighty-seven miles from Cairo; its bottom being forty-two metres below sea-level. Advantage would have been taken of it for storage purposes by connecting it with the Nile at a distance of about thirty-five miles by a canal. But the obvious defects in this otherwise brilliant scheme were the difficulties of constructing a canal through doubtful soil, and would have conveniently served Lower Egypt only. It also proved to be very costly, and would have done nothing toward controlling floods.

The next reservoir site suggested was that at the Silsila Gate, at a point about fifty miles down stream from Philæ. Here the Nile enters the Nubian sandstone—an inferior sandstone, with bands of clay—by a narrow pass of fewer than four hundred metres in width and five metres in depth. The Commoners, to whom the projects were referred, were unanimous in rejecting this plan, on the grounds of insecurity alone, quite apart from other objections, such as great depth of water and narrow width of river between the high banks. This site also had the inconvenience not only of swamping a temple—the Temple of Komombos—but of flooding the town of Assuan.

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Another project mooted—chiefly, we believe, in the interests of saving Philæ—was the construction of a dam at Kalabsheh, about thirty miles up stream; but here, though the quality of the rock was all that could be desired, the depth and width of the river were such as to render the construction of the Government dam, as strengthened and otherwise modified by members of the Commission, absolutely impossible on financial grounds alone, apart from engineering difficulties.

This left the Commissioners with only the Assuan dams to consider. So far as strength and economy of foundations are concerned, the site leaves nothing to be desired. The rock throughout is hard, and the section of the river is so wide and shallow that the foundations can be put in dry. The under-sluices will be built upon reefs projecting over the water surface in summer and winter, and consequently open to annual inspection.

The type selected for the work is that of an unsubmerged masonry dam, pierced with numerous under-sluices, through which will pass the silt-laden waters of the floods, while the clear supply at the close of the inundation may be impounded at will with no risk of inconvenient silting-up of the reservoir. These sluices will be some two yards wide each, and will number from one hundred to one hundred and twenty. The traffic of the river is provided for by a chain of locks, six or seven in number; and the dam will act as a bridge, with a broad carriage road. The length will be a mile.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

American Intentions in Porto Rico

The proclamation issued by General Miles on taking possession of the Island of Porto Rico deserves a high place among important State papers. It is not the sort of official utterance to which Spaniards have been accustomed. Friendliness pervades every sentence. There is not a threat nor boastful word. The people are told in simple language why the United States Army came to their shores. Instead of making war on them, the Army brought protection to life and property and a release from all existing political relations.

It came to give the people of the beautiful island the largest measure of liberty, to promote their prosperity, and bestow on them the blessings of enlightenment, liberal institutions, and free government. The Army bore the banners of freedom, and was inspired by a noble purpose. Though the United States Government, in the cause of justice and humanity, had sent its Army to occupy the island, it was not its purpose to interfere with existing laws and customs that were beneficial.

Europe's New View of Making Peace

To the really eventful days of the war period must now be added the 26th of July, the day on which Spain, through the French Ambassador at Washington, presented a message to the United States Government looking to the termination of the war and the settlement of terms of peace. The message, on its face, was a sincere inquiry as to the conditions on which our Government would bring to a speedy close a struggle that was manifestly hopeless to Spain. The general sentiment was that Spain took the best course for her own interests in communicating directly with the United States Government, and the consensus of European opinion was that for the first time during the war Spain had done the right thing at the right time.

The European idea of applying coercion of the United States, as a nation bound up in its own interests and but little experienced in international bargaining has been laid aside as utterly inapplicable. Direct negotiations between the only parties immediately interested was recognized as the most fruitful course. Europe didn't view a settlement in this light three months before.

Novel State Philanthropy

Under appointment by Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, commissioners are now working to establish within that State a village for epileptics. The class of people designed to be helped by this institution are the victims of a disease which involves only occasional impairment of the faculties and the powers of the body, but it precludes the possibility of securing or holding steady, self supporting employment. The law in the case aims to bring together in one community people so afflicted, and to provide them with expert medical treatment and opportunities to engage in work when able to do so. It does not contemplate a new State charity, but is a movement on the line of self help under State supervision, and is as unique as it is praiseworthy in its conception.

President McKinley Saves $500,000,000

The more fully the facts are developed the larger becomes the measure of praise due President McKinley for resolutely setting his judgment against the recognition of the Republic of Cuba. It cost a great effort for him to maintain his ground, but see what he accomplished by so doing. Spain had charged against Cuba the great bulk of the cost of the Ten Years War, and of the last one up to our intervention a large amount of guaranteed bonds, and another huge sum of uncollected revenue.

Grouping all forms of indebtedness growing out of mismanagement in Cuba during the past twenty years, the aggregate of bonds, interest past due, and other obligations are found to exceed $500,000,000. President McKinley declared that a recognition of the Republic would probably involve the United States in the payment of the Cuban debt, the annexation of the island certainly would do so. Spain considered the non assumption of this debt by the United States the harshest of the terms of peace. She had otherwise become reconciled to the inevitable loss of Cuba, but she was unwilling to lose Cuba, Island and pay its debts besides. No wonder Europe said Spain would save money by letting her colonies go.

Solving the Philippine Enigma

Long before the initiation of the peace movement the future control of the Philippine Islands was a problem of serious and far reaching import. Of many plans suggested for our Government's action, the two which received the largest support were 1, to restore them to Spain; 2, return them, and use them to our advantage with other nations by direct sale or exchange; or 3, deliver them to General Aguinaldo and the insurgents and [illegible] occupy and govern them in equal cooperation with Spain.

Each plan had warm advocates and equally warm opponents. Spain's overtures for peace unexpectedly relieved the problem of suspected European complications, and increased the weight of our responsibility at the same time. Natives of the islands and British subjects having interests there petitioned President McKinley not to abandon the islands for the sake of peace. More important, and more significant, too, was the new sentiment of European nations in favor of the United States asserting sovereignty over the islands. Russia, China, Japan, Great Britain, and even Germany, from whom the most opposition was expected, signified their preference for American domination of the Philippine Islands.

Fighting for a Language

It is a significant coincidence that two nations should be in the throes of a bitter struggle at the same time and from similar causes. In Austria the strife is between the Germans and the Czechs, in Belgium it is between the Flemish and the Walloons. In both countries each party is fighting for the retention or preponderance of its own language. Back of a language are the people who use it; hence in both Austria and Belgium the struggle is really racial, with a strengthening of religious elements.

The struggle in Austria is of long standing, and despite legislation, shows no signs of abatement. In Belgium it has reached its acute stage within a few months. Until recently the French language has dominated Belgium officially and unofficially. The people in the Flemish provinces demanded equal rights for their mother tongue with French. Endeavoring to profit by the experience of Austria, the Belgian Government compromised the matter by a law placing both languages on perfect equality, and requiring all official acts, parliamentary and municipal, to be worded in both languages. This concession, so far, has satisfied neither party, and in some respects has offended both.

Great Britain's Warning to Russia

Lord Salisbury's declaration of the new British policy toward China was speedily followed by the sharpest kind of a notice on the lines of the declaration. Russia had threatened to seize the province of Chi-li containing the Imperial city of Peking, in case China permitted the extension of a certain railroad by a British syndicate. On being informed of the threat Lord Salisbury notified the Chinese Foreign Office that Great Britain would support China against any Power committing an act of aggression on her territory in consequence of any concession granted to a British subject.

To make this notice more public and emphatic, the British Premier acknowledged it in the House of Lords, adding significantly: "We are willing to repeat that and to stake all upon it." This is the most positive and weighty public declaration concerning affairs in the East that has been made in many a day, and is an evidence of Great Britain's good will and sincerity in her present relations toward China.

New Features of the Bankruptcy Law

The National bankruptcy law, which went into operation on August 1, is notably explicit in the matter of definitions. An insolvent is a person whose aggregated property exclusive of any which he may have conveyed transferred, concealed or removed, or permitted to be concealed or removed with intent to defraud, hinder or delay his creditors, has become insufficient in amount and at a fair valuation to pay his debts. This law declares a wage earner to be an individual who works for wages, salary or hire, at a rate of compensation not exceeding $1500 per year.

Among the new features of the law are the substitution of referees for registers, the placing of bankruptcy proceedings under Federal jurisdiction, the establishing of the right to a trial by jury in respect of the question of the alleged bankrupt's insolvency, the provision that all of the partners must join in the filing of a voluntary petition by a copartnership, the taking of title to a bankrupt's property by a trustee by operation of the law, and not by assignment, the maintenance of claims in a debt purposely omitted from a bankrupt's schedule; and the reduction in the expense incurred in administering bankruptcy trusts.

War-Vessels on the Great Lakes

To the questions first selected for consideration by the Joint High Commission [illegible] United States, Great Britain and [illegible] as already outlined in the Post there was added by mutual agreement one that has been suggested frequently in the past and that has received a larger importance within the last four months. This question relates to the agreement between the United States and Great Britain in 1817 under which both Governments were prohibited from building or maintaining men of war on the Great Lakes.

Each Government now has on the lakes revenue cutters that are really more powerful than similar vessels elsewhere. The United States is anxious to have this clause of the treaty annulled not that it fears a war with Great Britain, in which lake war vessels might operate against Canada, but because it desires to avail itself of the superior shipbuilding facilities of a number of the American lake ports. Had it not been for this prohibition, our Government would have encouraged lake shipbuilders with orders for war vessels that could pass wholly or in sections through the canals to the Atlantic ocean.

American Welcome in Porto Rico

The early days of the American occupation of Porto Rico were far from typical of the "pomp and circumstance of war." Indeed, they seemed more like the joyous realization of a dream entirely too good to be true. The appearance of the American Army was hailed as a providential deliverance.

Officers and soldiers were greeted as friends; enthusiasm marked the march from town to town toward San Juan; Spanish volunteers deserted their leaders and begged to be enrolled in the invading Army; the Mayor of Yauco issued a fulsome proclamation, welcoming the Americans and declaring that the island belonged to them by natural right; the demand for American flags was so great that General Miles had to order a supply from the War Department, and within a few days the custom house at Ponce delivered to the American Military Governor quite a handsome revenue. General Miles promptly established direct cable communication with Washington, and established a temporary military government at Ponce under the command of General Wilson.

The Extent of a Great Christian Movement

Russia is now the only country in the world that has no Christian Endeavor Society. The remainder of the world has now over 54,000 societies with an aggregate membership of upward of 3,250,000. In the United States, the birthplace of the movement, there are over 41,000 main societies besides a large number of junior, intermediate and other branches.

The additions to church membership through the agency of the different societies exceeded 225,750 in a single year. During the [illegible] period of the war, nearly twenty-two hundred societies were established in the Army and in volunteer camps, and more than one hundred in the Navy. Strange to note, the largest proportionate increase in the number of societies has been in South Africa.

Our Fever-Stricken Armies

It was not altogether surprising that so many of our soldiers in General Shafter's Army should have contracted fevers. Col. John Jacob Astor declares that any one would get fever at his home if he had to live there as did our troops in Cuba. Nearly all had to sleep the wet grass for several days after the landing, and many hundred lay in the water soaked trenches before Santiago while awaiting the surrender. Colonel Astor asserts that the Cuban climate has been very much maligned, that yellow fever is not so prevalent among our troops as has been supposed, and that the most usual fever is malarial for which removal to high ground is the best medicine.

There really has been more fever, and in larger variety, at the Army camps in the United States than in Santiago and its vicinity proportionately. This fact has been recognized by the orders to abandon Tampa, Camp Alger, and other unsalubrious points, and to establish new camps and hospitals where better natural conditions prevail. The moment Spain began negotiations for peace, orders were sent to General Shafter to send his army back to the United States as [illegible] possible, and the War Department established a number of hospitals and temporary camps at points where the health of the men could be best conserved.

Our 2000 Islands in the Pacific

The island of Luzon, on which the city of Manila is situated, has a greater area than New York and Massachusetts combined, and a population estimated at 3,000,000. The Island of Mindanao is nearly, if not quite, as large. Of about 2000 islands in all in the Philippine group, there are scores that are large and very populous. An idea of the extent of the whole group may be formed from the statement that the six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware added, have together an area only ten per cent less.

James Bryce and the Anglo-American League

The founders of the movement for securing cordial and constant cooperation on the part of Great Britain and the United States were fortunate in obtaining the services of the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, LL.D., the distinguished Liberal member of Parliament for the office of Chairman. There is not a man in England to-day who better understands the traditions and present status of American political life than the scholarly author of "The American Commonwealth." This great work stands without a peer as an exponent of American aims and capabilities, and its author's leadership in the cause of the new international [illegible] operation is a tower of strength to this great international [illegible].

The Record of Cervera's Defeat

While the reports of our naval officers on the destruction of Cervera's squadron furnish many suggestions for the future maintenance of our sea power, and give the naval students of the world new texts on construction, armament and management, they are particularly gratifying to the American people, because of the absence of any friction between the commanders.

Commodore Schley sounded the keynote of the situation in his declaration that the result is furnished "glory enough for all of us." It is clearly evident that throughout the remarkable engagement every man on our fleet did his best, and gave cheerful cooperation to all his comrades. It is unfortunate that these brave men should ever have been under a suspicion, even, that a contrary condition existed.

General Miles' Vigorous Campaign

The moment the restive commanding [illegible] General of the Army saw the American occupation of Santiago de Cuba fully accomplished, he hastened off to Porto Rico, changed the plans of his campaign, made a landing at Guanica on the southern coast, instead of at a predetermined port, raised the American flag on July 26, occupied Yauco, and received the surrender of the port and city of Ponce the second city of importance on the island, on the 28th and immediately pushed forward to strike San Juan.

The reception of the American Army was most cordial in places really enthusiastic, and the naval convoy captured a large number of valuable prizes. General Miles' new plans, celerity of movement and brilliant initial successes struck official Washington with most pleasurable amazement.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Colonel Ole Krag, the Famous Inventor The United States recently entertained as its guest Colonel Ole Herman Johannes Krag, Chief of Ordnance of the Norwegian Army and inventor of the Krag Jorgensen rifle, who came to this country on a leave of absence and has only just returned home. Colonel Krag was deeply impressed with the United States, and especially with the intelligence of its citizens. "For this reason," he said, "I believe that the United States can out of such material equip soldiers to serve behind rifles much more quickly than any other country."

It may not be generally known that the United States Government secured the patent for the manufacture of the Krag Jorgensen rifle in this country by paying Colonel Krag a royalty of one dollar per rifle. To realize what a snug income this brings to Colonel Krag, one has only to figure that about 100,000 rifles are already in the hands of the military authorities in this country, and the Government arsenal at Springfield is now turning out the rifles at the rate of 280 a day. In a short time the output will be at the rate of 500 a day, and Congress has been asked to appropriate $500,000 for the expense of manufacturing additional guns. The Norwegian and Danish armies are equipped with this rifle, and France has shown an inclination to adopt it, but hesitates because it is not a French invention.

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How Quiller Couch Pronounces His Name In the Pall Mall Magazine, Mr. Quiller Couch condescends for the moment, contrary to wont, to talk about himself. "A reader in the other hemisphere," he says, "desires to know how I pronounce my name. Well, I pronounce it 'Couch.' It signifies 'red,' I believe; and hence (since we are on personal topics) the color of my hair. With the austere Wordsworth,

> "'I am not one who much delights
> To talk of my fireside with strangers or friends.'

or, for that matter, any other person's fireside; so, perhaps, this slight concession to transatlantic curiosity may be [illegible]. Though I never invented the pronunciation, I can only prevail upon a few friends, outside of Cornwall, to believe in it. The poet Cowper had the same difficulty with the same vowel sound. I understand that he called himself 'Cooper.' The popular method of pronunciation, like George Stephenson's locomotive, made it bad for the 'cow.'"

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Mrs. Albert Bowker, Pioneer of Missions The death at Newton, Mass., of Mrs. Albert Bowker removed from the field of philanthropic activity a woman who had accomplished much more than usually falls to the lot of her sex. Twenty-two years ago she originated the Woman's Board of Missions, the first denominational organization formed in the United States especially for woman's foreign missionary work. She became President of the Board, and held the office till her death.

Her zealous interest and executive discernment in promoting the efficiency of the Board were recognized by the erection in Bombay, India, of a hall for the American Mission School, and at Constantinople of one of the two large buildings of the American College for Girls to both of which buildings her name was given as perpetual memorials. Mrs. Bowker had also been conspicuous as a worker for and among the soldiers throughout the Civil War, and was one of the first influential women who espoused and promoted the cause of organized work for women.

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When Kruger Was a Boy President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic, is in my reports the most interesting character of modern times. In 1835, when the Dutch of Cape Colony had a difference of opinion with the Government and "trekked" northward to a country where they could establish a State of their own, Paul Kruger was ten years old. In those stirring times he, in common with other Boer boys, had plenty of practice in shooting. When schools were established the gun and shot pouch were in every day use—there were possible wild beasts and black natives to be encountered, and, though the children were ordered not to provoke attack, they had to be ready for defense. A boy was also obliged to bring home game in his school bag as a proof of his skill in marksmanship.

Young Kruger first went out to war at the age of fourteen. By this time the Zulus had been driven out of the Transvaal, but were a source of constant trouble to the Boers. It was the lad's first campaign, and he distinguished himself as a fighter. It was to him the first round of the ladder of fame.

President Kruger, like all Boers, is a man of simple habits and plain speech. The simplicity and plainness, however, include a lack of refinement. He is both provincial and uncultivated, and has no desire to be other than he is. In speaking of his attitude toward England and Germany, he compares himself to a little child crawling around the feet of grown men. "When I am kicked on the one side, I must try not to be kicked on the other."

He has lost one finger. It was shattered by a gunshot in hunting, and he took out his jackknife and completed the amputation. He has no need to nurse his fist. It is of a hard, natural hardness, which he would scorn to conceal under any velvet glove. He is a giant, with a giant's strength.

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Lord Ravelstoke's Courtship of a Princess Lord Ravelstoke, who is reported to be engaged to Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Prince of Wales, is John Baring, head of the London banking house of Baring Brothers & Company. He was a chum of the Princess in childhood days, says the New York Herald, and it is not improbable that childish friendship has strengthened and ripened into love during the [illegible].

Lord Ravelstoke is thirty [illegible] and is said to be a model young man. This is not his first love affair. About ten years ago he was desperately in love with [illegible]'s cousin. He proposed marriage. She stood aghast. She had never thought of him other than as a favorite cousin. "I love you," she said simply, "but not in that way. Let us just be the good friends we always have been."

Young Baring took the matter very much to heart. He came to America and buried himself amid the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains, shooting big game and trying to forget. Such is the inconstancy of youth that he returned to England thoroughly cured of his infatuation.

He resumed his place in society, and was seen more than ever at Marlborough House and Sandringham. The Princess Victoria continued to rejoice in the companionship of the broad shouldered young man who had been the playmate of her [illegible].

The financial embarrassment experienced by the house of Baring seemed to have [illegible] not the slightest difference in the friendly relations which had previously existed between the young man and the family of Wales. When his father died and he succeeded to the title and the business interests, he proved himself to be a man of affairs. The fine country place, Membland, which, it was thought, would have to be sacrificed, was saved, and the young man who had never known a care shouldered bravely and [illegible] his new responsibilities.

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Ambassador Cambon, Spain's Representative One of the most remarkable surprises of the war was the extraordinary powers conferred by the Spanish Government on M. Cambon, the French Ambassador to the United States. Not only was he chosen to open negotiations for peace with President McKinley, but he was made a special Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Spain, and under this broad commission was vested with full authority to act on the several demands of the United States according to his best judgment.

Spain could not have selected a worthier or a more eloquent advocate. During the short tenure of his office at Washington, M. Cambon had won the confidence and esteem of the administration, and his selection as the intermediary in the most serious business of peacemaking was highly gratifying to our Government.

Another pleasing feature of the historical conference was the extreme frankness with which the proposed terms of peace were discussed. There was none of the usual diplomatic ambiguity of language, nor arguments of studied double meaning. It was a grave, even tempered discussion in the simplest words, man for man, in the interest of humanity, without any interference.

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Doctor Lunn's Excursion Into the Heart of Africa Dr. H. S. Lunn, the Englishman, who is well known in England and America for developing the personally conducted touring system, is this year entering upon a decidedly novel plan. He has decided to send a couple of sporting and scientific expeditions into the wild regions of Somaliland. The cost of these expeditions will be about $1000 for each member, but this includes all expenses for three months, a retinue of fifteen servants, twenty camels and two riding horses for each, besides the tents and equipments.

Personally Doctor Lunn is most genial. He has had a rather varied career. In 1887 he left England for the Indian mission field as a medical missionary. As correspondent to the Pall Mall Gazette he attended the Indian National Congress, becoming intimately acquainted with the leaders of the movement, and lecturing to large assemblies of educated Hindus on the development of their [illegible]. The vigorous life which he threw himself into his Indian work was responsible for a series of attacks of malarial fever, and he was ordered home only twelve months after he had entered the work. For two years he was actively engaged in the work of the West London Mission. During this period he wrote a series of articles for the Methodist Times, which led to a grave controversy and to a special Commission. The report of the Commission was indecisive, but the bitterness caused was so great that Doctor Lunn resigned the Methodist ministry. Doctor Lunn is not yet forty years of age.

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Mrs. Humphry Ward in the Role of Hostess Mrs. Humphry Ward, the writer whose latest work, Helbeck of Bannisdale, has again brought her prominently before the public, is, perhaps, the greatest woman novelist living, and could a consensus of opinion be taken as to whether she has not more admirers than any living novelist, male or female, she would doubtless be awarded the palm, says the Philadelphia Record. Helbeck of Bannisdale is worthy of her reputation, and adds new lustre to the granddaughter of Thomas Arnold and the niece of Mathew Arnold.

Mrs. Ward is still a young woman, indeed, she has still some years to go before she reaches the half century mark, and is a great favorite in society. She is said by her intimates to be the most sympathetic of friends and companions, and when playing the hostess at her country residence, Stock's, one would never dream that the dignified woman who so quietly dispenses her gracious hospitality is the foremost, as she is the ablest, feminine iconoclast that the world of literature has yet produced.

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General Lin Yung Fu, the Great Chinese Fighter Of late the peace of China has been considerably disturbed and the eyes of all the Chinese are turned to Lin Yung Fu, the Black Flag General. He is, perhaps, the most powerful man in China, says the Public Ledger. He is a native of Kwangsung, and was born in 1835. He first became famous as a Lieutenant in the Taiping rebellion in [illegible]. The chief of the rebels was Huan [illegible] Chaun, who held two thirds of the Empire for eighteen years, from 1847 until 1865, with the capital at Nanking. In the latter year Nanking was besieged by the British Army under Chinese Gordon.

The Black Flag General is now under orders from Peking, through the Viceroy of Canton. He could assemble an Army of 50,000 men in Canton in two days. The Chinese will follow him to a man. He could seize the arsenal and other Government offices in Canton with the force now under his command, and the Chinese merchants say he could raise an Army of half a million in Canton alone. He is the most powerful and influential soldier in China. He never lost a battle in the war with France—a fact which is conceded by the French. The foreigners were considerably disturbed over the presence of the famous Black Flag General and his large force of devoted braves.

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Commodore Hichborn, Chief Naval Constructor Commodore Philip Hichborn, Chief Constructor of the United States Navy, is one of the busiest men in Washington at this time. The duties of Chief Constructor, with warships building and some thirty five others soon to be started, are as essentially patriotic as commanding warships, for it is through his watchful care that the officers afloat have such splendid fighting machines for their use.

Commodore Hichborn, in a recent interview, when asked to state something regarding his life history, modestly asked to be spared from public notice, but was prevailed upon to give the following brief outline of his career up to the present time:

"I was born at Charlestown, near Boston, Massachusetts, in 1839. My ancestors had contributed something to Colonial independence—Deborah Hichborn being the mother of Paul Revere. At twenty one, having received a course of special instruction in [illegible] construction, calculation and design, [illegible] ment ry to five years' tuition as shipwright's apprentice at the Boston Navy Yard, I sailed from Boston for California in 1860, and that voyage of 150 days gave me an insight into the needs of nautical life which has been of most notable value ever since.

"Two years' service at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, carried me from a humble position in the construction department of that station to Master Shipwright, at the age of twenty-three, in which capacity I was often called upon to assume the control of the department in the absence of the Naval Constructor. In 1869 I entered the Navy as an Assistant Naval Constructor, and six years later, after a competitive examination, became full Constructor.

"From that time until to-day my life has been one of uninterrupted activity in the immediate concerns of our naval vessels, broken once only by a tour of European dockyards. I became Chief Constructor on July 13, 1893, and was reappointed for a second term September 7, 1897."

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Countess Schimmelmann, the Fisherman's Friend Countess Adelina Schimmelmann, who is a native of Denmark, and for eighteen years maid of honor to the late Empress Augusta, of Germany, has become celebrated on the continent of Europe for her constant devotion to a high ideal. She discovered that the fishermen of the Baltic, who have no other homes than their boats, and no friends excepting the tavern keepers, stood peculiarly in need of friendly help and sympathy. She undertook to be their true friend, and to render her work most effectual, exiled herself from her friends, shared the privation of the fishermen, spent her private fortune in the work and did for her charges what Lady Aberdeen did for sailors having business in the port of London. Cheerful homes were secured and modestly yet comfortably furnished, an abundance of nourishing food was provided, and quarters for wholesome recreation were established.

In this work in which she is still engaged, she encountered the enmity of publicans and others whose interests suffered through her noble exertions, but she has fearlessly persevered, with the assurance that the whole German Empire was at her back.

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Mrs. William Lowe's Club Work for Women The election of Mrs. William B. Lowe, of Atlanta, Ga., to the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was a handsome recognition of her superior abilities and her effective work for women. Mrs. Lowe is a woman in the prime of life, occupying a high social position, and possessing large means. She has a husband who is in hearty sympathy with the enterprises that have engrossed her attention for several years, and several grown children. Her motive in club work is philanthropic and educational. She has made herself familiar with the intricacies of parliamentary law, and has become an excellent presiding officer and a pleasing, forceful speaker.

Mrs. Lowe's first work was the organization of the Woman's Club, of Atlanta, which has 300 members. Then she organized the State Federation of Georgia, which comprises forty clubs, with over 1000 members. With these agencies at her back, she has established the Georgian, a State publication, inaugurated a system of traveling libraries, begun a campaign to secure for the women of Georgia admission to the State University, and carried her propaganda into Alabama, and, also, into South Carolina.

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When Aguinaldo Sold His Own Head Not long ago the Post gave a sketch of Pancho Aguinaldo, the insurgent chieftain of the Philippines. The Independent, however, recently printed a story which shows the iron nerve of this intrepid Malay. After Aguinaldo and his followers had killed a number of Spanish officers, Governor-General Augusti offered a reward of $20,000 for Aguinaldo's head, and within a week he received a note saying: "I need the sum you offer very much and will deliver the head myself."

Ten days later a priest came to the sentinels at the Governor General's gate and asked if His Excellency was within. They answered "Yes" and ushered him in. The priest immediately locked the door behind him, and then said, "Do you know me?" To the Governor General's surprise he found it was Aguinaldo, with a twenty-inch bolo—a native knife, sharp as a razor, with which the Malays can lop off an arm with one blow as though it were a carrot. "I have brought [illegible] of Aguinaldo, and I claim the [illegible]."

There was nothing else to be done, so General Augusti opened his desk, counted out the sum in Spanish gold, whereupon Aguinaldo wrote a receipt, coolly counted the money, and suddenly opening the door dashed out just ahead of a pistol bullet that cut a lock of hair from his temples, and made good his escape. Aguinaldo is not yet thirty years of age.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXV

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By THOMAS GRAY

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

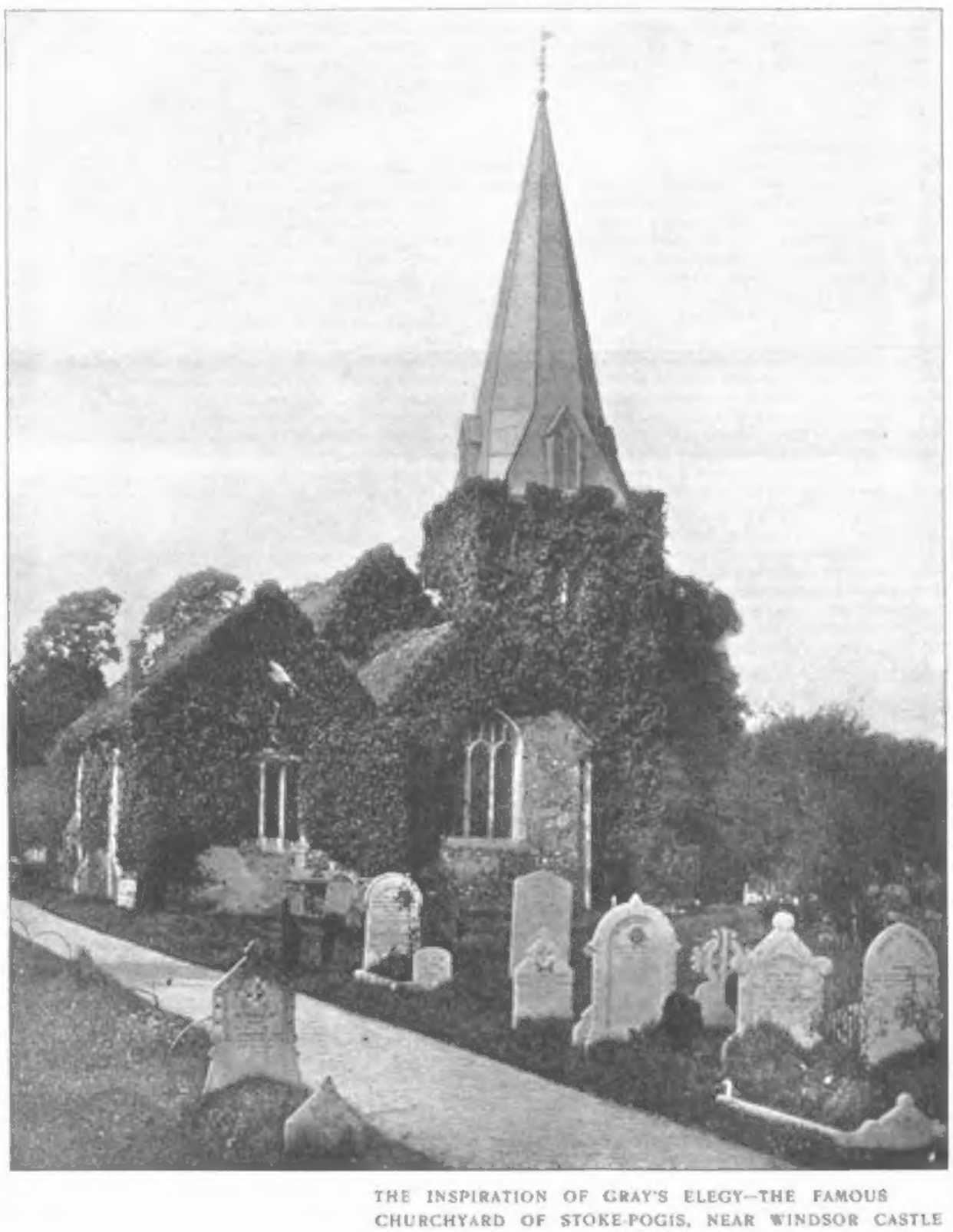
Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



THE INSPIRATION OF GRAY'S ELEGY—THE FAMOUS CHURCHYARD OF STOKE POGIS, NEAR WINDSOR CASTLE

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by you wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

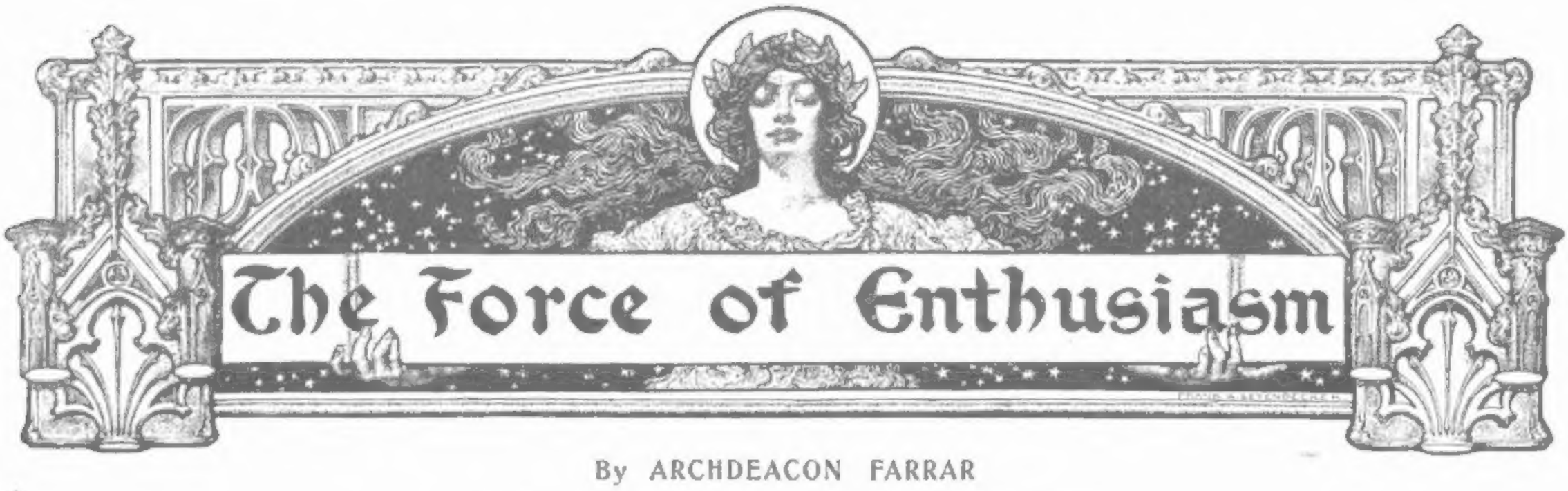
"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth—
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.



The Force of Enthusiasm

By ARCHDEACON FARRAR

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Eleven

DULLNESS, deadness, apathy, selfishness, will never amend the smallest of the world's evils. Enthusiasm is indispensable; there is nothing which the devil dreads so much, there is nothing which the world denounces so continuously.

To call a man an enthusiast has often been regarded as the sneer most likely to thwart his plans. Like the words "Utopian," "Quixotic," "Impractical," it is one of the mud-banks reared by the world to oppose the swelling tide of moral convictions. The famous saying of Prince Talleyrand, "*Surtout, pointe de zèle*"—"Above all, no zeal"—concentrates the expression of the dislike felt by cold, calculating, selfish natures for those who are swept away by the force of mighty and ennobling aspirations. Throughout the eighteenth century—by way of protest first against the sobriety of the Puritans, and afterward against the waking up of deep religious emotions by Wesley and Whitefield—the sermons of all comfortable, full-fed, wealthy conventionalists were filled with deprecations of enthusiasm.

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Men did not like the glow of reality, the blaze of deep feeling, the rushing winds of prophecy, harbingers of the dawn bursting over cold, gray lives. What they wished for was the calculating religion of compromise; of an orthodoxy which slumbers because it will not inquire; of a conventionality which never broke their league with death or their covenant with hell. They dreaded the throb of a startled conscience, the agony of a revealing light. They preferred to fulfill with infinite satisfaction their ideal of making the best of both worlds, amid an odor of sanctity which indulged in every form of selfish pleasure which life could give. They preferred to divide their allegiance between God and mammon, and to assign to mammon by far the heartiest share.

And this attitude of mind is the attitude of the majority in every age. In every age long tolerated abuses give themselves the airs of right; and long tolerated falsehoods give themselves the airs of truth; and blind authority keeps beating with its crutch the child that might have led him.

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Now, what is enthusiasm? It is a Greek word which means the fullness of divine inspiration. It implies an absorbing and passionate devotion for some good cause. It means the state of those whom St. Paul has described as "fervent"—literally, "boiling—in spirit." It describes the soul of man no longer mean and earthly, but transfigured, uplifted, dilated by the Spirit of God. When a man is an enthusiast for good, he is so because a Spirit greater than his own has swept over him, as the breeze wanders over the dead strings of some Æolian harp, and sweeps the music which slumbers upon them now into divine murmurings, and now into stormy sobs.

A man becomes an enthusiast when God has flashed into his conscience the conviction of right and truth; has made him magnetic to multitudes; has made him as a flame of fire, which leaps out of dying embers; as a wind of God which breathes over the slain that they may live. Without enthusiasm of some noble kind a man is dead; without enthusiasm a nation perishes. Of each man it is true that in proportion to the fire of his enthusiasm is the grandeur of his life; of each nation—for the nation is but the reflection of the individual—it is true that without enthusiasm it never has the will, much less the power, to undo the heavy burden or to atone for the intolerable wrong.

There are two forms which this divine enthusiasm has assumed in religious souls—the enthusiasm for humanity, and the enthusiasm for individual salvation.

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I. The latter, which is the narrower and more selfish, which indeed is often selfishness expanded to infinitude, has led to many errors. Men, ready to sacrifice everything to secure their own personal deliverance from what they had dreamed of hell, have lived like the hermits in deserts or on mountains, or have shut themselves up in monastic cells, or have subjected their bodies to cruel torments. The beliefs that have led to such lives are natural to men. They are found in every age and in every country and in all religions; and deeply as they are intermingled with error, yet so sovereign are the virtues of self-denial, that without doubt they shall have their reward.

II. And sometimes, on the other hand, the enthusiasm for humanity has been dissevered from deep personal religion. In those cases, with like charity, we may be sure that God will still bless the sincere lovers of their brethren, and that Christ will never be hard on any man who has died for men.

III. But when the two have been combined; when the sense of devotion has been united with the exaltation of charity, then such men have ever been the most glorious and the most blessed of the benefactors of mankind. What was Christianity itself but such an enthusiasm learned from the example, caught from the Spirit of Christ, its Lord? The same love, even for the guilty and wretched, which brought the Lord Jesus step by step from that celestial glory to the lowest depth of the infinite descent, has been kindled by His Spirit in the heart of His noblest sons. Forgiven, they have longed that others should share the same forgiveness. As some poor soldier, whom the General he looks to and leans upon as God, has rated for some backwardness, and bidden charge one against a thousand, "hurls his soiled life against the pikes and dies," so the best men have been ready to do all and to bear all for the sake of Him who died for them.

What else was it but this burning enthusiasm which drove Paul, who calls himself less than the least of the Apostles, and not worthy to be called an Apostle, to work more abundantly than they all? What else but this enthusiasm wrung from him the cry—that cry which has shocked the vulgar selfishness of so many unthinking, commonplace Christians—"I could wish myself accursed from Christ for the sake of my brethren"?

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Again and again this divine fire has died away from the world; again and again it has been rekindled by God's chosen sons. What would the world have been without them? Ask what the world would have been without the sun. Without the sunshine the world would have relapsed into a chilly and icy waste! Without the intense fire of God burning in enthusiastic hearts, the moral, the spiritual world—yes, the whole world of man, would sink into a universe of death!

1. Think what enthusiasm has done even in spheres not immediately religious! The enthusiasm of the student, of the artist, of the discoverer, of the man of science—what else could have inspired their infinite patience, their unlimited self-sacrifice? Men cannot without effort render great services to mankind. Extreme lovers of their country usually have to suffer in proportion to their faithfulness. "The progress of mankind," it has been truly said, "has been from scaffold to scaffold and from stake to stake;" but men animated by a fine enthusiasm have braved the penalty. It plunged Roger Bacon into torture and imprisonment. It made Columbus face the sickly cruelty of ignorant priesthoods, and the stormy hurricanes of unknown seas. It caused years of poverty, of suffering, of persecution, of calumnious denunciation to Galileo, to Kepler, to Newton, to the early geologists, to Charles Darwin. They gave to mankind a toil intense and infinite. And if in these days man has been enabled to

> "put forth
> His pomp, his power, his skill,
> And arts that make fire, flood and air
> The vassals of his will,"

it is only because his more gifted brethren have toiled for his good. And what supported them? What carried them through? An inspired enthusiasm, a fervency of spirit which prefers labor to ease, love to selfishness, truth to falsehood, and God to gold.

*

2. Again, there is the enthusiasm of the Reformer. Think how low the nations might have sunk if their decadence had not been again and again arrested, and their criminalities again and again rebuked! Think what Italy was fast becoming when Savonarola—until they choked his voice in blood—thundered in the Duomo of Florence against her corruptions and her apostasy! Think how the cramp of an intolerable tyranny might still have been torturing the souls of men had not Wycliffe braved death to give the Bible to the English people! Think what truths would have been drowned once more in the deep seas of oblivion, if John Huss had not calmly gone to the stake to which he was condemned by the bishops who surrounded the perjured Sigismund! Imagine what a sink of loathy abominations the nominal Church of God might now have been, if the voice of Luther had never shaken the world! Consider how the Church of England might even now be settling on her lees, if, in an age when corrupt Churchmen were satiating their greed with her revenues, Whitefield had not drawn men back to the simplicity which is in Jesus Christ!

Churches and nations need many resurrections, and churches and nations were freezing into apathy and stagnating into pestilence, when, in the person of these enthusiasts, God once more made the winds His angels and the flaming fires His messengers, and through them poured forth a new Pentecost upon mankind.

3. Again, there is the enthusiasm of the missionary. In the first centuries the world was full of missionaries. In those days every Christian felt that he was not a Christian if he were not in some form or other God's missionary. And for centuries the Church produced many a noble missionary; men like Ulfilas, men like Boniface, men like Columba. Then began the ages of neglect, and darkness, and superstition, and for whole centuries there was only found here and there a man like Saint Louis of France, or Saint Francis of Assisi, with a mission spirit strong within him. In modern days it is to Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians, to William Carey and the Baptists, that we owe the revival of missionary zeal.

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In the last century missions were regarded as foolish, rash—I know not what; for the devil has a large vocabulary of words to quench the spirit which is so dangerous to his domain. Yet men despised and defied the devil, and the world which is his minion. Think of John Eliot, the lion-hearted apostle of the Indians and his motto, that "Prayer and painstaking can accomplish anything;" think of the young and sickly David Brainerd, going alone into the silent forests of America, and among their yet wilder denizens with the words, "Not from necessity but from choice, for it seemed to me God's dealings toward me had fitted me for a life of solitariness and hardness." Think of Adoniram Judson and the tortures he bore so cheerfully in his Burmese prison!

And we, too, in these days have seen bishops like apostles. We have seen Charles Mackenzie leave the comforts of a Cambridge tutorship to die among the pestilent swamps of the Zambesi; we have seen in imagination the body of the young martyr, Coleridge Pattison, floating with its palm branch of victory over the blue sea among the coral isles. Nor do I know any sign more helpful for this nation, among so many that are dark, than this—that our public schools are founding mission houses in the neglected wastes of London; and that our young undergraduates, and some young noblemen also, are working in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green; and our young athletes are going out to labor as poor men in China and Hindustan. What is it that alone can sustain them? The enthusiasm, the fervency of spirit which the Spirit of Christ, their Lord, alone inspires; the self-sacrifice which scorns luxury and pours silent contempt on gold.

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4. Then, once more, think of the glowing and beautiful enthusiasm of our social philanthropists. What man has done more for a multitude of souls than John Pound, the poor Plymouth cobbler, who, in the simple enthusiasm of ignorant love for the poor ragged children of the streets, became the ultimate founder of Ragged Schools! What a light from heaven was shed upon countless wanderers by the Gloucestershire printer, Robert Raikes, who saw the children wasting their Sundays idly in the streets. Go to the Embankment and see his statue there, and read the inscription: "As I asked 'Can nothing be done?' a voice answered 'Try'; I did try, and lo! what God hath wrought." Who can judge the amount of misery rolled off the despairing heart of the world by the reformers of prisons, John Howard and Elizabeth Fry—Elizabeth Fry entering the foul wards for women in Newgate Prison, protected only by the beauty of her holiness, and John Howard traversing Europe, as the great Edmund Burke said, "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt?"

Most of us are drowsing and slumbering in immoral acquiescence; the cry of the miserable rings in our ears, and we heed it not; the wayfarer welters in his blood by the wayside, wounded and half dead, and after one cold glance we carefully pass by on the other side. It was not so with these. They did not ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" They did not talk, they acted; they did not sigh, but lit their lamps and girded their loins. They were not content to spend their lives in the stupid indifference of vulgar comfort, or the dull apathy of intolerant fatalism. Most men do not really care for the wretchedness of others; they shrug their shoulders, and say it cannot be helped. It was not so with these. They were like the noble lady in the fine old legend, who, going to her rough-hearted lord to plead with him for his harried, overburdened people, told him of their tears, and told him that if they paid his taxes they would starve.

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5. In this Abbey, so rich in records of nobleness, we are surrounded by memorials of enthusiasts, and there is not a grave among them all which deserves greener wreaths than theirs. Very few of those who are here buried were sluggish comfort mongers, or vulgar place hunters, or selfish millionaires. There was one great curse which, in spite of Christianity, went lingering on from century to century. It is astonishing; it is even terrible, to note how content men grow with the existence of familiar and long-continued evils; how consciences dulled and blunted by custom cease to regard injustice as injustice, or crime as crime; how they suffer accepted wrongs even to walk abroad in the guise of abstract right!

So it was that—in defiance of every principle of true Christianity—slavery was tolerated. Men defended the system by the texts of which Satan always keeps a choice store in hand to quote for his own purposes. Many seem to fancy that a scrap of scripture can give them secure warrant for any traversing of God's eternal moral laws. Luxuries were supplied by slave labor; our West Indian islands were tilled by human slaves sold in the open market by the stealers of men. And if any one protested against this gross iniquity, he was called an atheist,

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the Post series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, The Force of Enthusiasm, is taken from Sin and Its Conquerors, by Archdeacon Farrar. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. The first eleven sermons in this series are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—Ground of Christian Certainty,	by Rev. George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16
VII—Stumbling Stones of Life,	by Andrew P. Peabody, D. D.,	July 23
VIII—The Middle Years of Life,	by Rev. R. E. Welsh, A. M.,	July 30
IX—The Power of Personality,	by Amory H. Bradford, D. D.,	Aug. 6
X—The Safeguard of Manhood,	by James G. K. McClure, D. D.,	Aug. 20
XI—The Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug. 27

and was refuted by such as these who are now constantly quoted against temperance reformers—as though the slave-master and the drink-seller were the chief supporters of British and Biblical morality.

Then God fired with Divine enthusiasm the mind of one man. It often happens that a man with no exceptional powers—a man in no other sense remarkable—yet has the moral genius of unclouded insight into right and wrong. Such a man was young Thomas Clarkson. If 11,000,000 of his countrymen were content to acquiesce in a crime, was that any reason why he should do so? He dedicated himself as a youth to undo this mighty wrong, and for twenty years he struggled on, and for twenty years he braved hatred, slander, and abuse from those who maintained that they had vested interests in the curse and ruin of their fellow-men. For years the newspaper paragraphs lied about him, and venal writers got their penny a line for abusing him—or perhaps two pence if the line was peculiarly venomous and peculiarly virulent. But at the end of those years, in spite of this, he succeeded. He gave new life to England's greatness, by striking a deathblow at England's crime, and preventing her, as is justly inscribed on yonder monument, "from using the arm of freedom to rivet the fetters of the slave."

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On the great Western continent the same deliverance was accomplished mainly by one more enthusiast, William Lloyd Garrison, who as a mere youth came to the conviction that slavery was a crime. With nothing to aid him but a small printing press and one negro lad, he stood up daily, in peril of assassination, to tell 20,000,000 people that they were wrong. In a few years he had turned their apathy into fury and their icebergs into flame; and after braving for forty years imprisonment and execration and threats of murder, the hand which had first been raised for the eternal principle of liberty was enabled to write the very statute which made it law; and not all who worked with him were so free as he was from wrong methods to bring about the right.

6. It is a peril, it is a temptation to enthusiasts that they are often stung by pity into a rage which leads them to use rash words and to adopt indefensible methods. Among such men was John Brown, of Ossowatomie, who was hung at Harper's Ferry. He had indeed used violent means to encompass hallowed ends, but for all that he took, even from his gibbet, his place among the brave souls who, believing that God was God, trampled wicked laws under their feet. But he was not the only man to whom the errors of life have been condoned because of the high enthusiasm which gave glory to all its virtues. Think of that of John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, and his motto: "Prayer and painstaking can accomplish anything."

7. I may say summarily that I do not know of one great moral or religious work which has ever been achieved in this world without this divine enthusiasm. Without enthusiasm Christendom would have sunk long ago into a fen of stagnant waters, into a waste of icy death. These enthusiasts, these healers of wrong, these smiters of the oppressor, these deliverers of the oppressed, these teachers of the ignorant, these binders up of the broken-hearted, these preachers of the Gospel to the poor, are they to whom, far more than to kings, or to statesmen, or conquerors, or ecclesiastics, our statues should be erected. They are the true saviors of the nation, the true deliverers of the world.

An age falls into fatal lethargy when it has no sons like these. It is the fire in the heart of the volcano that clothes its slopes with gardens and vineyards. Let the fire die out of its heart, and its very crater may be choked with snow. It is the movement in the stream that saves it from corruption; let no spring feed and no wind ruffle it, and it will be soon choked with rotting filth. Such are the hearts of nations that have sunk into idle luxury; and such is the state of nations who have no ear to hear, and no heart to pity, and no arm to strike; such would be the state of all the world if all men were what all but a handful have been.

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8. My friends, do not think that the work is done; that we need this divine enthusiasm no more. The torch must ever be handed on by the eager runners across the dust and darkness of the intervening generations. There are questions even more pressing, more vital now, than the slave trade was in the days of our fathers—and questions which affect a far vaster multitude. Shame on us if we forget the example of their courage and their faithfulness! Those questions become year by year more important in our crowded cities, and the sluggish conscience of the nation is not yet adequately roused to grapple with them.

May God raise up among this land's young men some enthusiasts! May He give her sons, true and strong! Her work is our work, is your work; the work of every true man, woman, and youth; woe unto us, woe unto the Church, woe unto our country, if our ears remain forever deaf to the call! Woe unto us, woe unto you, if, stultified by compromise, if seduced by pleasure, if choked by greed, we eat and drink, and pick and steal and lie and slander after the way of the world, too guilty and too selfish to strike one strong blow for the great cause of Christ!

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

The Longest and Shortest Sermons

THE longest sermon on record was preached by the Rev. Isaac Barrow, a Puritan preacher of the seventeenth century, who once delivered a sermon in Westminster Abbey lasting three hours and a half; and the shortest sermon ever preached was perhaps the sermon which Doctor Whewell was fond of repeating from the text, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The sermon occupied barely a minute in delivery, the following being a verbatim report: "I shall divide the discourse into three heads: 1. Man's ingress into the world; 2. His progress through the world; 3. His egress out of the world.

"Firstly, his ingress into the world is naked and bare.

"Secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care.

"Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

"To conclude—

"If we live well here, we shall live well there.

"I can tell you no more if I preach a year." Then he gave the benediction.

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The Speed at Which Insects Fly

IT IS the popular belief that the flight of birds is much swifter than that of insects, but a number of naturalists who have been making a study of the matter think that such is not the case, says the Chicago Chronicle. A common house-fly, for example, is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second, and send it through the air twenty-five feet under ordinary circumstances in that space of time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it increases its rate of speed to over 150 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in exactly thirty-three seconds faster than an express train.

It is not an uncommon thing when traveling by rail in the summer time, to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at one of the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest flying birds, and it was thought until a short time ago that no insect could escape it. A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon-fly, which is among the swiftest of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed, and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, failed to capture it, and the plucky fly escaped entirely unharmed.

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When Buffalo Bill Went Hunting

"BUFFALO BILL" tells a pleasant tale of jumping on his favorite horse, Brigham, and riding out of camp at the alarm of a herd of buffalo. It was a time when he and his comrades were short of meat, and consequently longing for buffalo steak. He says:

"While I was riding toward the buffaloes, I saw five horsemen from the fort, who were evidently going out for a chase. They proved to be newly arrived officers—a Captain and his Lieutenants. 'Hello, my friend,' sang out the Captain, 'I see that you are after the same game that we are!' 'Yes, sir,' said I.

"They scanned my cheap outfit very closely, and, as my horse looked like a work-horse, and had on only a blind bridle, they evidently considered me a green hand at hunting. 'Do you expect to catch these buffaloes on that Gothic steed?' laughed the Captain. 'I hope so by pushing hard enough on the reins,' was my reply. 'You'll never catch them in the world, my fine fellow!' said he. 'It takes a fast horse to do that.' 'Does it?' asked I, as if I didn't know.

'Yes; but come along with us, for we are going to kill them more for pleasure than anything else. All we want are the tongues and a piece of tenderloin, and you may have all that is left.' 'I'm much obliged to you, Captain,' said I carelessly. 'I'll follow you.'

"There were eleven buffaloes in the herd, and they were not more than a mile ahead. I saw they were making toward the creek for water, and I started up that way to head them off, while the officers came up in the rear and gave chase. The animals came rushing past me, not a hundred yards distant, with the officers three hundred yards in the rear. I pulled the blind bridle off my horse, and he, a trained hunter, knew exactly what to do. He started at the top of his speed, and brought me alongside the rear buffalo. I raised my gun, fired, and killed the animal at the first shot. My horse then carried me alongside the next one, and I dropped him at the next fire. Thus I killed the eleven buffaloes with twelve shots, and, as the last animal dropped, my horse stopped. Remember, I had been riding him without bridle, reins or saddle; but I jumped to the ground, knowing he would not leave me.

"The astonished officers were just riding up. 'Now, gentlemen,' said I, 'allow me to present you with all the tongues and tenderloins you want.' 'Well,' said the Captain, 'I never saw the like before! Who under the sun are you, anyhow?' 'My name is Cody.' 'That horse of yours certainly has running points!' 'Yes, sir; you're right; he has not only the points, but he knows how to use them.' 'So I noticed.'"

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The Revival of Fashions of the Past

IT IS interesting to know that the Queen herself encourages the modern tendency to revive the fashions of the days when she was a girl. It is she who is responsible for the revival of the almost obsolete spinning-wheel, which was associated with so much romance when the century was young. The spinning-wheel is now almost a necessary adjunct of beauty's boudoir; and many ladies of fashion have mastered the art of using it effectively.

The Queen, too, is doing all she can to make the harp fashionable again; and under her encouragement this sweet instrument is gradually resuming its old spell.

The present rage for cameos is already assuming a new form, and instead of resurrecting the time-stained cameos of their grandmothers, ladies of fashion are wearing exquisite specimens containing profile portraits of themselves, mounted on a background of sapphires and set in a frame of diamonds; or, if the cost of a real cameo is too great, an effective substitute is found in the "photographic cameo," in which the portrait is made to stand out in gleaming white from a dark background. These cameos are worn as brooches, as buckles for belts, or are set in a bracelet of plain gold.

Another fashion of fifty years ago is being revived in wearing necklaces of coral. The pale pink coral is in chief favor.

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The Stab

By WILL WALLACE HARNEY

ON THE road, the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon;
Under the rugged trees he strode,
Whistled and shifted his heavy load—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown—
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good
The barn-fowl woke and crowed,
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood;
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood,
That a man lay dead in the road.—Poems.

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The Most Valuable Plat of Ground

THE most valuable plat of ground in the world—at least, the one that has commanded the highest price—is located at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, New York City, says the San Francisco Call. Several years ago five hundred and eight square feet of ground on this site sold for $330.70 per square foot. The immensity of this rate of valuation can best be appreciated by measuring off a square foot of space and then comparing its dimensions with those of $330 in money. Such a comparison will show that if the purchaser had paid for his property in $1 bills he would have been able to cover his entire lot with eighty-two layers of greenbacks, or he could have paved it with four tiers of silver dollars placed edge to edge as closely as they would lie. Doubtless, if the worthy Dutch burghers of New Amsterdam could return to earth, they would be astounded to learn the value of the land on which they pastured their cows two hundred years ago.

Probably the largest amount ever paid for the site of a single building was that given by the Broadway Realty Company for the lot on which the Bowling Green building has been erected. This building covers 29,152 feet of ground, for which $3,000,000 was paid. This is $102.90 per foot, and, though the price per foot is less than has been paid for several other plots, the total represents an enormous sum to pay merely for the ground on which to erect one building. One peculiar effect in real estate values that has followed the era of exceedingly tall buildings is the extraordinary price that has been put upon sites that are suitable. Spots with open surroundings on which other lofty structures are not likely to be built are of course the most desirable for this purpose, and such places are few in the City of New York. The result is, that many buildings already very profitable are being torn down to make room for the erection of still higher structures.

Of course, there are many big real estate transactions in which the actual prices paid do not appear, but it is not likely that there have been any in which the figures have at all surpassed those quoted above.

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How High is Your Chair?

SOME curious experiments have been made by a Harvard professor to prove what is really the best height for the chair you sit on and the desk you write at, says the Boston Traveler. Every person, it appears, ought to have a chair especially made to suit his or her height, and the seat should be exactly one-quarter of your height from the floor. Thus, if you are six feet high the chair-seat should be eighteen inches. The width of the seat should exactly equal its height, and it should slope backward three-quarters of an inch to the foot.

The back should be a trifle higher than the seat, and sloped slightly, not too much. Finally, your desk should be two-thirds as high again as the seat of your chair. Thus, if your chair-seat is twenty-four inches, the desk should be forty inches in height. When you have attended to all these little details you can sit and write all day without feeling that backache that comes from chairs and desks that don't fit you properly.

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The Biggest Patriotic Society

A WELL-KNOWN Washington woman, doing the cathedral cities of England last summer, wore a tiny American flag pinned to the waist of her traveling dress. A good many of the English people whom she met did not understand, or pretended not to understand, what the flag stood for. "You belong to some secret society, I perceive," said an English woman to whom she was introduced, pointing to the diminutive starry banner. "Yes," responded the Washington woman, "there are seventy millions of us."

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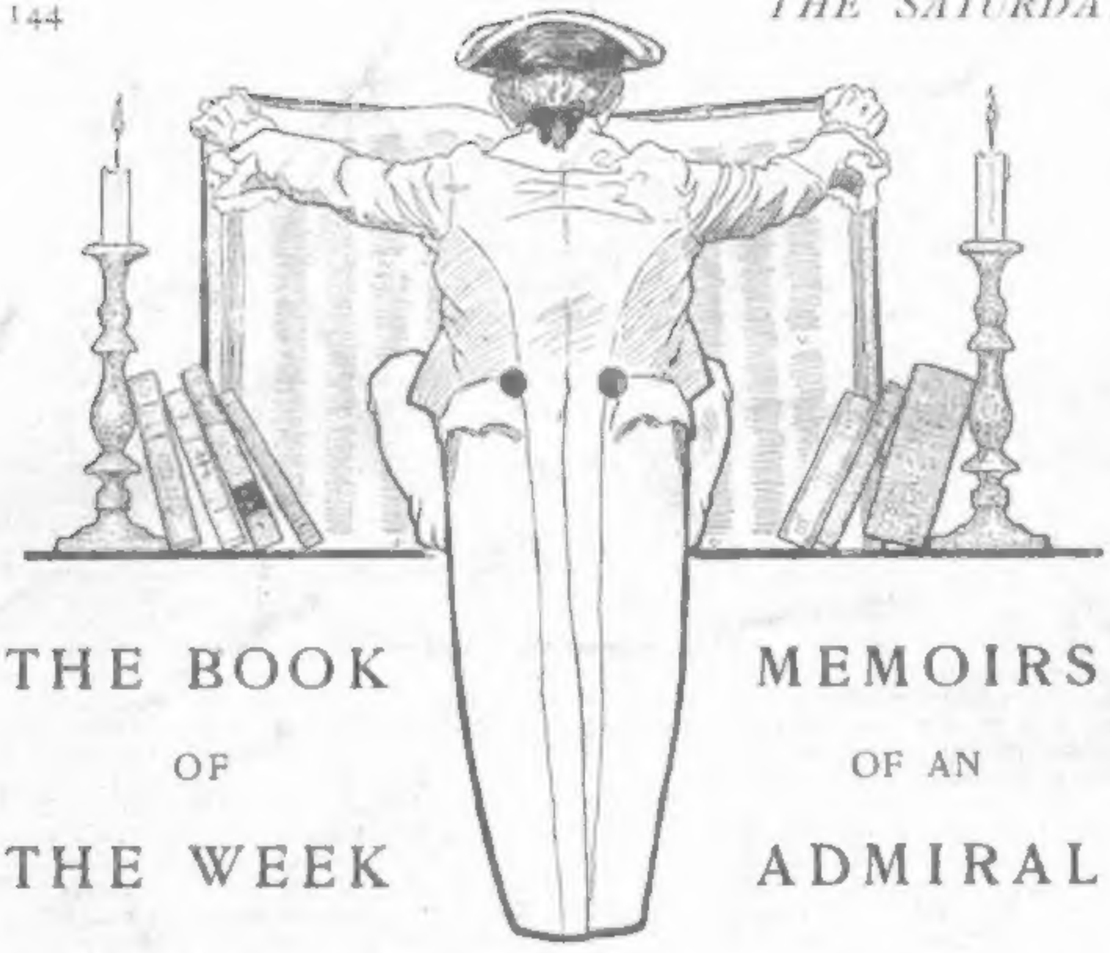
Author of the Elegy Written in a Churchyard

THOMAS GRAY, author of the Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, was born in Cornhill, England, on December 26, 1716. He at first took up the study of law, in which he was but little interested. But he abandoned it for a while in order to travel on the continent with Horace Walpole. When forty-one years of age he declined the office of Poet Laureate, vacated by the death of Cibber. Later he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge through the kindness of the Duke of Grafton. The duties of his Professorship were all practically neglected, although he contemplated delivering a course of lectures when he was stricken down by death.

He was a ripe scholar, an estimable man. He was exceedingly sensitive, but his friendships were of the warmest. His work is of such a high grade as to always occupy a prominent place among the greatest of English poets.

His Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard was commenced by Gray in 1742, revised from time to time, and completed in 1749. One tradition is that the Elegy was composed in the "precinct of the Church of Granchester, about two miles from Cambridge; and the curfew is supposed to have been the great bell of St. Mary's." But another authority on the subject says that the Stoke Pogis churchyard is the scene of the poem. One thing is certain; Gray was buried in the Stoke Pogis churchyard, of which we elsewhere give an illustration. The poem owes much of its popularity to its strain of verse: the thought, touching and natural as it is, has been heightened by the diction and metre in which it is expressed.

Concerning the poem, its popularity was immediate and extensive. It was of the Elegy that General Wolfe declared to his fellow-soldiers on the night before the attack on Quebec, in which he lost his life: "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."



THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

MEMOIRS OF AN ADMIRAL

By ADMIRAL S. R. FRANKLIN

WITHIN fifty years the United States has fallen back from the position of a great sea power into the wake of the nations, hung there for a few humiliating years, and forged ahead again to its old place in the front rank. Within fifty years the frigates of glorious memory, with towering sides stuck full of guns as a cushion of needles, have disappeared from the seas, and in their stead have come ponderous platforms of steel. Within fifty years the Mexican and Civil wars have been fought, and well-nigh forgotten in a newer struggle.

All this Admiral Franklin has lived through, and much of it he has seen in his half-century of active service in the American Navy. He has sailed all seas, and touched at ports the world around; he has met statesmen and diplomats, Generals and Admirals, Kings and Emperors; he has been Commander-in-Chief of the European Station, the Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, and the President of the International Meridian Conference.

With such material to draw on, it follows that any record of his life must be of rare interest. His memories are pleasant ones. From first to last he utters no harsh word about man or woman, and makes no unkind criticism of his fellows or superiors. Through all this pleasant mixture of history, travel and friendships, there is a hearty, kindly tone which is one of its unusual charms. Another is the author's conversational style; the story it told, rather than written.

So wide is their range, so varied their character, that it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of these memories in short space; but of peculiar interest are his days as midshipman, as student at Annapolis, and junior officer in the old Navy.

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Admiral Franklin was appointed a midshipman by Secretary Paulding, in 1841. Of the naval customs of those days he says:

"The American man-of-war, in the days about which I am now writing, differed but in a slight degree from the British ships of war of the time about which Marryat wrote and made famous by his charming stories of the sea. To be sure, the flogging of midshipmen was not permitted, but there is one instance on record when this was not resorted to, although it is the only one which has ever come to my knowledge. The names of the parties to this transaction, and the circumstances attending it, have long since passed from my mind, but I remember distinctly how the matter was discussed by us midshipmen fifty years ago, and how the case was disposed of by the authorities in such a way as to make us feel assured that it would never occur again.

"In most other respects our ships were the same in their eternal economy as those on which Midshipman Easy and Peter Simple had seen their service. Mast-heading was still resorted to; and I remember, in my own case, I was once kept aloft so long that I went quietly to sleep in the bunt of the foresail. On the occasion to which I refer, I was sent only to the foremast-head.

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"This method of punishment, however, was brought to an end in the squadron in which I saw my first service by charges having been preferred against some Lieutenant for illegal punishment, of which mast-heading was one of the specifications. The Lieutenant came to grief, and that system of punishment was never again resorted to in that squadron. I have never heard of an instance of it from that day to this; but yet we were a good deal "bullyragged" in various ways.

"I do not remember many instances when we were absolutely cursed by our superior officers, but the general tone and style were much the same as Marryat describes when he so vividly represents a First Lieutenant giving utterance in the most polite manner to the choicest expressions upon reprimanding some delinquent, and winding up by applying epithets to him which are familiar to the readers of Marryat's novels. The boatswains and gunners who sailed in our men-o'-war in those days were very much the same as those of Marryat's cruisers.

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"The customs of an American man-of-war came down by natural inheritance from those in force on board the ships of the mother-country. We piped to dinner, we rolled to grog, we played "the Roast Beef of Old England," we had our Jimmy Ducks, whose duty it was to look out for the livestock, our Jack-o'-the-Dust, who brought up the tail end of the Purser's staff, got up the grog, assisted in serving out provisions, and attended generally to any work that was going on in the Purser's department. Then there was "Jimmy Legs," the Master-at-Arms. Why this sobriquet was given to him I never knew, but possibly Jackie thought it appropriate, because it was his duty to put his legs in irons when he deserved it.

"I might mention many other points of resemblance, which, indeed, were so striking in many instances that, but for the Flag and the Crown on the one and the Flag and the Eagle on the other, one might have imagined himself, if his eyes had been suddenly unbandaged, to be on board a ship of either nation. To be sure, there was more homogeneity in the crew of the British ship; they looked alike, as if they belonged to the same nation—which, indeed, with rare exceptions, they did—while the American man-of-war of those days had a crew composed of men of all nations, and it was rarely the case that a majority of them were native-born Americans.

"Unlike any other Navy, the ships of Great Britain and the United States both carried a guard of infantry called marines. They were looked upon somewhat in the light of the old Swiss Guards—a sort of protection to the throne.

"While upon the subject of the old days of the Navy, it may not be out of place here to make some mention of the uniform that was worn at the time I entered it. When one reflects that the epaulets now worn originated from something that was once used to protect the shoulders from a sabre-cut, it seems strange enough that we should have worn but one, but such was really the case when I first went to sea. It was the distinguishing uniform of a Lieutenant, and as such was worn upon the right shoulder.

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"There was no such thing as a frock-coat known to the service at that time, and it was long before the conservative feeling about the 'swallow-tail' could be overcome. I remember that some officer who was a strong advocate for the frock-coat remarked that there was no especial objection to the swallow-tail, if the tails were changed to the front, as stomach protectors. There was no objection to the wearing of silk high hats in uniform in those days, but, although I have seen them worn myself, the custom was rapidly dying out. Gray trousers might be worn with blue jackets—in fact, there was an indifference about uniform which at this day it is difficult to appreciate."

Annapolis was a very different place in those days from the model institution of our times, and the description of the excesses which were tolerated by the officers in charge reads strange to us.

"Life at the school," the author says, "was pleasant enough for those of us whose standing in our classes warranted the feeling that there was no doubt about the final result of our examination. With those in the fourth section, where there was a great deal of doubt in the minds of many, the nine months at the school were not passed on a bed of roses. I remember hearing a man say one day that, if he did not pass, Chauvenet's wife would be a widow. Of course this was an exaggeration, but it proved to me that the state of mind that many of them were in during those trying days was not a thing to be envied or taken too lightly.

"There was a good deal of dissipation at the school at the time I was there, for checks upon our freedom of action were very few. There was not much discipline, for, as I have said before, we were all grown men, most of us of twenty-two years of age and upward. About this time the Chartists were holding their mass-meetings in London. There was no parallelism between what we called our 'reform banquets' and the Chartist meetings, but I remember that it was those meetings which suggested the name. Every Saturday night for several months we assembled at the room of some choice spirit, where we were regaled with whiskey and cigars, and crackers and cheese, and swapped yarns and sang songs until nearly midnight. Toward that hour but few of the revelers were left. Those who were sober enough remained, and finally separated, each one going his way toward his quarters, and thus ended the 'reform banquet.'

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"I happened one Sunday morning to be passing by a room where there had been a banquet the night before. Lieut. Sidney Smith Lee—a brother of Robert E. Lee—who was Executive Officer of the school, was passing at the same moment. He called my attention to this 'banquet-hall deserted,' and, raising his hands with an air of intense disgust, asked me if I had ever witnessed such a sight. Empty bottles were lying about the floor, half-smoked cigars were scattered in all directions, chairs were turned upside down, and everything in the room indicated that it had been the scene of rollicking dissipation. Lieutenant Lee was an amiable man, and while he deplored the existence of such irregularities, he seemed powerless to prevent them.

"As I have stated before, there was little or no discipline at the school in those days. The autumn, winter and spring passed away. The days resembled each other very much, and I was glad when the time for our examination was at hand. The novelty had worn off, and was succeeded by a monotonous, school-boy sort of life, varied by some outside society and the Saturday nights which I have described above." (Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

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